

# THE TIMES.



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## Our Baby.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There was a cradling sent us here,  
To cheer our lot,  
It was a cherub in disguise,  
But yet our aim and bow'd eyes  
Perceiv'd it not.

Its voice was like the symphony  
That lute-strings lend,  
Still, tho' our hearts the music hail'd,  
As a sweet breath of heaven, they fail'd  
To comprehend.

It staid till every season fill'd  
Their annual round,  
The vernal bud—the summer rose—  
Autumnal gold—and winter snows,  
Whitening the ground;

But when once more the early Spring  
Through flowers would roam,  
And the first cherry blossoms stir'd  
'Neath the soft wing of nesting bird,  
A call from angel-harps it heard,  
"Come up—Come home."

## Our Historical Gallery.

### Sketches of the Presidents.

TENTH—JOHN TYLER.

**JOHN TYLER**, as a public man, owed his distinction, as a phrenologist would say, to three prominent characteristics: First, a very high order of all the social elements, joined with an equal degree of Benevolence, which enabled him to gather around him a host of warm personal friends, who espoused his cause and labored for his promotion. Second, his predominant aspiration and ambition, arising from great Self-Esteem, Combativeness and Firmness. Hence he is self-willed, headstrong, and efficient. He has large Cautiousness, Veneration and Ideality, but moderate Secretiveness; hence he is blunt, but prudent in action; respectful, devotional, and fond of perfection. His third strong element depends upon his immense perceptive faculties, especially Individuality, Eventuality, and Comparison. These, joined with large Ideality and Language, gave him decided eminence as a scholar and speaker, and indicate fluency, taste, elevation, imagination, and a happy diction, as well as abundance of good subject matter.

He is methodical, has a good share of wit, and those developments which set off talents to advantage. His is the brilliant, off-hand, available, knowing, practical, and taking cast of mind, instead of the deep and profound; and his entire structure of mind is framed upon this easily working and available model, rather than that of profundity or power. In his manners Mr. Tyler is very plain, unaffected, familiar, friendly and winning.

John Tyler was born in Charles City, Virginia, March 29th, 1790. His ancestors trace back their origin to the famous Wat Tyler, who headed an insurrection against Richard II., and lost his life while fighting for the people. The father of the President was a warm friend of Jefferson, Patrick Henry and Edmund Randolph, and was a leading and enthusiastic advocate of the Revolution. He died in 1813, full of years and of honors. He left three sons, Wat, John, and William. From childhood John Tyler was remarkably fond of books, and at the age of twelve entered William and Mary College, where he immediately became a favorite, not only with his fellow-students, but with the venerable Bishop Madison, President. At seventeen he graduated with much distinction, and devoted himself for two years to the study of the law. At nineteen he was admitted to the bar without any question being asked him as to his age; and such was his success that in three months there was scarcely a dis-

putable case on the docket in which he was not engaged, on one side or the other. The next year he was offered a nomination to the Legislature, but declined on account of his youth; but the year afterward, being of age a few days before the election, he was almost unanimously chosen a member of the House of Delegates. Here he soon became a conspicuous and popular debater. He was elected to the Legislature five successive years, on one occasion having received all the votes cast in the county but five—and subsequently, in a congressional election, he received, over a distinguished competitor, all the votes in the county except one.

When the British forces were in Chesapeake Bay, threatening an attack on Norfolk and Richmond, Mr. Tyler raised a volunteer company which, however, was not called into action.

In 1816, he was chosen a member of the Executive Council of Virginia; and in November of that year he was elected to Congress, being then 26 years of age. This election was only to fill a vacancy; but in the following March he was re-elected by a large majority. Before the close of this session of Congress ill health compelled Mr. Tyler to resign his seat and return to private life and the practice of his profession.

In 1825, Mr. Tyler was elected Governor of Virginia, and was also re-elected. Before the expiration of his second term, he was elected to the United States Senate. Near the close of the session, in March, 1835, Mr. Tyler was elected President of the Senate, *pro tem*. In February, 1836, the Legislature of Virginia having instructed its senators in Congress to vote on a question contrary to his convictions, Mr. Tyler resigned his seat in the Senate.

In 1840, he was nominated for Vice President on the ticket with General Harrison, and elected. Upon the sudden death of President Harrison, on the fourth of April, just one month from the day of his inauguration, Mr. Tyler found himself President of the United States.

Mr. Tyler's course as President, although in the main opposed to the doctrines of those by whose votes he was elected to the Vice Presidency, was nevertheless in accordance with the leading professions and practices of his political life. He was blamed for his veto of the United States Bank Charter, yet he had been a firm opposer of the old Bank. True, on many points, for a few years he had acted with the Whigs, but on questions of finance his principles remained unchanged. That Mr. Tyler was morally bound to carry out the principles of the party who elected him, and of the chief with whom he consented to take office, has been strongly claimed; but as he had never abandoned his well-known opposition to a National Bank, and as that question did not enter into the canvass, he can hardly be censured for his course. The error of the whole matter consisted in the election of a Vice President whose politics were not in harmony with those of the President and the party who elected him.

At the expiration of the term of his administration Mr. Tyler retired to his estate near Williamsburg, Virginia,

where he still resides, much respected by his friends and neighbors.

## PLATO.

Plato, the biographer and pupil of Socrates, the earliest Greek philosopher whose writings are devoted to the advancement of moral and metaphysical science, was the son of Athenian parents, but born in the island of Egina, B. C. 429. His descent was illustrious, being derived on the mother's side from the philosopher and lawgiver Solon, and on the father's from the ancient kings of Athens. In after-times the flattery of his admirers, not content with this dis-



JOHN TYLER.

tinguished genealogy, ascribed to him divine honors. Apollo, the patron deity of letters, was reported to have been the author of his being. His sweetness of discourse was foreshown by the gathering of a swarm of bees upon his lips in the cradle, and Socrates, the night before he first saw Plato, was warned of the excellences of his future pupil by a vision of a cygnet, which as it sat on his knees, suddenly became full fledged, and flew away with a melodious cry. We may be excused for repeating these fables, since the scarcity of authentic details concerning the life and history of the philosopher will reduce this paper to very narrow bounds.

The name first given to him was Aristocles, that of Plato, under which he became celebrated, is derived from the Greek adjective which means broad. The time and the reason of this change of name are both uncertain: it has been accounted for by his breadth and fullness of expression, by his remarkable width of forehead, and by other etymologies more fanciful than convincing. His manly beauty has been perpetuated in the busts found in all parts of the world, and his bodily vigor, and successful practice of the gymnastic exercises enjoined by custom upon the Greek youth of all ranks, and to which he himself in after-life attached great importance, are indicated by the report that he contended for the prize in wrestling at two of the great national festivals, the Pythian and the Isthmian games. Painting and poetry he also cultivated; the latter with zeal certainly, and probably not without success, for he produced an epic poem, and a drama which was

brought on the stage; but he burnt his poems on becoming acquainted with Socrates, to whom he was introduced when he was about twenty years of age. During ten years he continued to be the philosopher's pupil and constant attendant; during his trial, he came forward in his defence, and offered to become his surety for the payment of such fine as might be imposed. Faithful to the last, he witnessed the closing scene of that great man's life, of which he has given a beautiful and affecting description at the close of the dialogue entitled "Phædon," which has for its subject the immortality of the soul, and has ever been regarded as the ablest effort of human intellect, unassisted by revelation,

to prove that there is a future existence after death. This celebrated piece professes to record the conversation of Socrates upon the day of his execution. In such circumstances, the discourse naturally turned upon those expectations of the future, in reliance on which he faced death with perfect tranquillity; and the profound philosophy and lofty eloquence of this part of the composition, are relieved and set off by the dramatic interest and pathos of the concluding narrative. The "Phædon" is said to have been Cato's study immediately before he put an end to his life at Utica, a circumstance of which Addison has made use to introduce the most elaborately-wrought passage in his well known tragedy.

After his master's death, Plato retired from Athens, and led a wandering life, frequenting the schools of the most eminent philosophers whithersoever he went. Megara was his first place of abode, and here, while the mournful

details were still fresh in his memory, he is believed to have written the "Phædon," with its companion pieces, the "Crito," and the "Defence of Socrates." Thence he went to Cyrene, and from Cyrene to Italy, where he spent a considerable time in studying the rival systems of philosophy founded by Pythagoras and Heraclitus, both of which, to a certain extent, and with certain modifications, he combined and taught when he himself became the founder of a new sect. From Italy he traveled to Egypt, in elder times the fountain and seat of science. Here, according to some authors, he was admitted by the priests to a knowledge of those mysteries, which they only had the key, and derived from them the most profound doctrines of his philosophy. This statement, however, is not confirmed by the most credible authors, and Plato himself speaks in disparaging terms of Egyptian science in his day. Cicero attributes his visit to Egypt to the desire of improving his knowledge of the mathematical sciences, still flourished there, and simplicity would furnish a sufficient motive for traveling to a country so remarkable and closely connected with the early history of art and religion in Greece. It has been supposed that in Egypt Plato became acquainted with the Hebrew scriptures, but there appears to be no well-founded ground for this belief, which probably arose out of the clearness of his views of a future existence as compared with those of antecedent philosophers.

Upon his return to Athens, B. C. 395, Plato took up his residence adjoining,

or within the precincts of, a public garden named Academia, from Academus, who bequeathed it for the use of the people. Within this garden he opened a school for instruction in the arts of disputation and philosophy; and the word "Academy," has hence obtained such celebrity, as not only to denote the school and sect of which he was the founder, but to have become in modern languages a general title for any place of education. His speculations, however, were varied by the duties of active life, for it is on record that he served as a soldier in three battles. In B. C. 389, he visited Sicily, attracted by the curiosities, natural and artificial, of that remarkable island, in which the elder Dionysius, the celebrated tyrant of Syracuse, then bore the chief sway. The despot, according to Diogenes Laertius, took offence at Plato's freedom of speech and sold him into slavery, from which however he was soon redeemed by his friends.

Honored and beloved, with a reputation established throughout Greece as a statesman and lawgiver, Plato declined through life to take any active part in political affairs, though, as has been intimated, he did not shun those active duties which devolved on him in common with all other citizens. A life so passed, in the pursuit and teaching of abstract truth, affords little material for the biographer; but it is not to be omitted that Aristotle, his great rival in fame and influence, was Plato's pupil from the age of eighteen, during the long period of twenty years. Plato died aged about 81, B. C. 347.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## The Mountain Burial.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

Dr. Mitchell, Professor in the University of North Carolina, lost his life on Black Mountain, and was interred on the summit of Mt. Mitchell, its most elevated peak, June 16th, 1858.

They stood upon the mountain's crest  
Beside the open grave,  
When the sun sunk low in the crimson West,  
And with golden clouds the sky was dress'd,  
And the sunlight lay on the mountain's breast,  
And on the shrouded brave:  
They had borne him there that summer day  
O'er the heated cliffs—a toilsome way—  
The last tribute of respect to pay  
To the honored dead.  
And they laid him down to his silent rest  
And piled the earth on his sleeping breast  
And left him to his bed.  
The winds came o'er the mausoleum high—  
The storm-clouds gathered in the sky  
And hoarse wild thunders muttered nigh—  
To chant his funeral dirge;  
The fir tree bow'd its sable head,  
A tribute to the honor'd dead—  
As flashed the vivid lightning red—  
A fitter requiem could not be given  
To the saintly one that dwells in Heaven.

**LAUGHTER AND HEALTH.**—Cheerfulness is the elixir of life. A hearty laugh is more potent for health and virtue, than all the potions of pill-bags and the creeds of puritanic pulpits.

Are you unwell? Dangerously bad? Well, do you expect that health will come to you and take possession of your torpid system, as you sit communing with your blue spirits?

If you wish to remain comfortable and happy through "life's restless din," you must cultivate hopefulness in your soul. Look on the pleasant side,—not forgetting realities—"fear not, only believe." How plain and simple, nature portrays; how she laughs in the fulness of joy. All beings, on earth and in the air unite in one voice of the purest praise and exultation to nature's God. Why despair? Away with melancholy—laugh! laugh at something, anything, or nothing; but laugh. Put a pleasant joke on your associate, and allow him to return a similar one.

Laughter is a panacea for ills, bodily and mental. It dissipates gloom, lightens care, and drives pain and the blue devils off in a hurry! Try it. Laugh!



## STANZAS.

BY S. W. MEENLEY.

When verdant spring displays abroad  
Her wreaths of fragrant flowers,  
Blown by the breath of nature's God,  
And watered with His showers;  
I love to rove and contemplate  
The order, power and skill  
Of Him that did the earth create,  
And poised it at His will.

When morn unbars her golden gates  
And ushers in the day;  
When light again reanimates  
The face of nature, gay;  
What brilliant scenes of splendor rise—  
How lovely 'tis to view  
The rising sun-beams gild the skies,  
Or sparkle in the dew.

And when the sun is lost to sight  
Beneath the western hill—  
When through the lonely shades of night  
Is heard the whippoorwill,  
'Tis then I ponder with delight  
The order, power and skill  
Of Him that rear'd the mountain's height,  
And formed the lowly dell.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## LIFE'S CHANGES;

OR,

## Floy's Story.

BY JULIA SOUTHWALL.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"We expected her to come with you," remarked Mrs. Hamilton. "She is rather eccentric, is she not?"

"She is independent and very proud, I believe," replied the invalid, nervously glancing at the new array of faces.

"Of what persuasion is she?" asked the business man.

"You mean in religion? She is not a member of any Church, but inclines, I think, to the Presbyterian."

"Bad, bad!" ejaculated the merchant.

"You should not have allowed her to apostate from her father's faith."

"I don't mean to say that Zillah is a bad girl," said Mrs. Hamilton.

"Are we to infer, then," interposed Mrs. Hamilton, "that Miss Sutherland has no settled religious belief?"

"Oh! no," answered the tortured guest; "but I have heard her say that she did not fully believe in the doctrines of any one church. She has a creed of her own, I think; rather a collection of the parts of different doctrines in which she believes."

"Misguided girl!" exclaimed the pious business man. "And she an instructor of youth!"

Meanwhile, Zillah began her new duties, unaware of the unfavorable opinion of her that her uncle's family had imbibed. She was popular as a teacher, but disliked as a companion. Her black dress and melancholy features attracted sympathy, but her haughty manners and cold reserve chilled and repelled it. But the rapid progress of her pupils did justice to the care which she took of them, and her employers congratulated themselves on the fortunate chance which threw her in their way.

Once, at the long crowded dinner-table, Zillah glanced at the faces around her, a rare thing for her, (for she took no interest in anything beyond the music-room), when her gaze was riveted by a young girl opposite her, who appeared to be watching her curiously.

She, too, was clad in deep mourning, but the sombre garments only heightened the beauty of her soft, fair skin, dark brown braids, and soft hazel eyes, whose mild expression threw a quiet serenity over her whole face. She seemed but very little older than Zillah.

The latter wondered if she were a school-girl or a teacher. The youthful form and delicate features decided in favor of the former supposition, but the sweet, matured expression of the proud, womanly mouth and shady brown eyes, contradicted it. Zillah became interested in her and kept wondering who and what she was, when one of the girls beside the young lady addressed her as "Miss Ashton."

"Ah!" thought Zillah, "she is the young lady who teaches the languages and drawing."

She walked back slowly to her music-room, when the tumultuous crowd left the table, when her attention was attracted by a quick step behind her.

"Good morning, Miss Sutherland," said Miss Ashton, pausing by her side.

"You are released from your duties now; come into my room and let us have a cozy talk. Where were you going?"

"To get a book that I left in the music-room," replied Zillah, coldly.

"But you must go with me now," replied her companion; adding more gravely, "I have so long wished to know you. Pardon me, but you look so sad."

"I did not know my features so faithfully mirrored my soul," said Zillah, involuntarily, and suffering her companion to draw her in another direction.

"I, too, am sad, at times. I am an orphan," remarked Miss Ashton. "See, now, we are all alone, an unusual treat—"

I'll just lock the door, so that we may be to ourselves."

"Ah! what beautiful flowers!" said Zillah, going to a blooming tea rose in a pot, which stood in the window.

"Yes," answered Miss Ashton, "but here is my favorite. Flowers are my pets."

She drew back the curtain a little farther, and displayed a little vase of mignonette. Tears started out upon Zillah's jetty lashes, as she looked upon Claire's favorite flower.

"That little plant has sweet and painful associations connected with it," she said, turning to her companion.

"To me it brings only pleasant feelings," she answered. "It was my mother's favorite."

"You said you were an orphan, Miss Ashton, did you not?" asked Zillah, gazing with softened eyes at the sweet, sad face of the speaker.

"Don't call me 'Miss Ashton.' My name is Emma, what is yours?"

"Zillah."

"Are you a gipsy, my dear?" said Emma, playfully putting her arm around Zillah's waist.

"I am an orphan," replied Zillah, moodily.

"And so am I. I am utterly alone in the world, for I have no relatives living, that I know of. I have not even a friend."

"I have a step-mother whom I love," said Zillah, "and whom I long to put in a position of independence."

"Have you no relations besides?" asked Emma.

"None. Like yourself, I am alone in the world."

"Have you been a teacher long?"

"Only six months," replied Zillah.

"Excuse me, if I seem curious," said Emma with slight hesitancy; "but you must have had friends who loved you, once."

"Yes," said Zillah, "I had a father, a cousin, and a dearly beloved sister, eight months ago. Now I am alone."

"You are blessed above me, Zillah," said Emma, sadly. "I never had aught but a dear mother, since I can remember, for my father died when I was three years old, and I had no brothers or sisters. My lot has been a hard one. My poor mother struggled hard enough to give me an education, and since her death I have been a teacher."

"It is a hard life, Emma," said Zillah; "I hope there is a brighter day in store for you."

"And how about yourself?"

"I shall do better. My destiny is not to pine within the walls of a school-room all my life."

"I hope mine is not," laughed Emma. "Look at those hard, comfortless beds, and breathe the close, hot air! It is enough to give one the consumption. However, I can endure them uncomplainingly, for we might suffer much more."

"I am no heroine," answered Zillah; "and these little annoyances sour my temper and render me irritable. No one knows the value of a home until they have lost it."

"Yes," said Emma, "those who have never had one do. Let us be friends, Zillah."

Silent, bitter tears choked Zillah's voice.

(To be continued.)

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## New York Literary Letter.

THE WAR IN EUROPE is the title of a work gotten up in the "cheap pamphlet form," by Robert M. De Witt of this city, but which contains within its 72 pages, matter in a succinct and readable form, for which one would have to search through the History of the world to find. It is a Retrospect of Wars and Treaties, showing the remote and recent causes and objects of a Dynastic War, in connection with the Balance of Power in Europe. It opens with a graphic presentation of the State of Affairs in Europe in the present century; this is followed by a lucid retrospect of Wars and treaties from 1790 up to the revolution in Hungary; after which the objects of a war are presented to view, together with a statement regarding balance of power in Europe. It closes with Biographical notices of the eminent men on both sides with a statement relating to forces and finances.

All of which is furnished for 25 cents and can be had through the mail, by addressing the publisher R. M. De Witt, 160 and 162 Nassau Street New York City.

ACADIA. A pleasant volume is this, with "A mouth with the Blue Noses" for its Sub. title, by the Author of the genial Sparrowgrass Papers, Frederic S. Cozzens Esq., just from the press of Derby & Jackson. Its poetical motto is—

"This is Acadia—this the land  
That weary souls have sighed for;  
This is Acadia—this the land  
Heroic hearts have died for,  
Yet Strange to tell, this promised land  
Has never been applied for."

The volume is the record of a pleasant trip to that part of Nova Scotia known as Acadia, and the reader of "Evangeline" will at once be interested in this account of her people and her home. The book

abounds with historical facts, as well as incidents of travel. The author calls it (so modestly) "an Index to something better" and adds "The French in America may sometime find a champion. For my own part, I would that the gentler principles which governed them, and the English under William Penn and the Dutch under the enlightened rule of the States General, had obtained here, instead of the narrower, the more proscriptive policy of their neighbors."

Two portraits of Acadian women grace the volume. It may interest the reader to know that they are from literal ambrotypes, the first and the only likenesses of the real Evangelines of Acadia. The author gives a humorous account of the difficulty encountered before success crowned the effort to subdue the natural timidity of these women, and allow likenesses to be taken.

It is a specimen of literal acadian simplicity, hardly (we fear) to be found elsewhere. The book is neatly issued in a 12 mo. of 329 pages. Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau st., New York city.

THE CHINA MISSION, by Wm. Dean; New York: Sheldon & Co., 115 Nassau st. To begin: the author, by a residence of twenty years in the "Land of the Celestials" has fully qualified himself for his work, which embraces a history of all the various denominations among the Chinese, with biographical sketches of deceased Missionaries. In preparing it, he has been aided by personal suggestions from friends, private letters from numerous individuals, and valuable material from various published works—among which the Chinese Repository, the Middle Kingdom and Fuh Chau Cemetery deserve special mention. The biographical sketches are from published memoirs and personal acquaintance. We cannot give a better resume or a more definite idea of the book than its table of contents suggests, to-wit: chapter 1—geography, food, clothing, dwellings, custom; chapter 2—language, literature, printing, schools; chapter 3—laws, revenue, punishment, police; chapter 4—history, mythology, ancient and modern; chapter 5—revolution of Lai-Long-Wang; chapter 6—religion, Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism; chapter 7—Christians, Nestorians, Catholics, Protestants; appendix—list of Missionaries of various societies, list of Missionaries' wives deceased; biographical sketches in alphabetical order. All in a handsome duodecimo volume of 396 pages.

THE BIBLE IN THE LEVANT is a little volume containing the Life and Letters of the Rev. C. N. Righter, agent of the American Bible Society in the Levant. It is a touching tribute to the memory of one who early passed away from his field of labor, regretted by thousands and mourned as a faithful servant of the Most High. This memorial in the light of an example for the youth of our land, is worthy of a place in every well ordered home. Publishers, Sheldon & Co., who have also lately issued "Daily Thoughts for a Child," and "Truth is Everything," a tale for young persons. The first contains a text and a brief exposition for each morning and evening, and the last is a narrative founded upon the motto, "and the Lip of Truth shall be established forever."

FRUITS, FLOWERS AND FARMING, by H. W. Beecher, is a volume of plain and pleasant talk about the products of the garden and the field. They were written years ago when the author was editorially associated with the Western Farmer & Gardener of Indianapolis, Indiana. All one needs most to know, is contained within its pages, and can be read by the young with profit and by the old with pleasure. New York: Derby & Jackson.

W. E. P.

## New Mexican Treaty.

A Washington correspondent says of Mexico—

It is probable that Mr. McLane has ere this negotiated a treaty with the Juarez government of Mexico for the alteration of the boundary line between the two countries, so as to give us access to a point on the gulf of California, and also a liberal commercial and postal treaty. For these concessions, though they are of a character mutually beneficial to both countries, it is supposed that we are to allow to the Juarez government a liberal compensation in money. If capitalists, taking the chance of the ratification of the treaty by the United States Senate, will make a liberal advance to the Juarez government, that government may be sustained. Senor Lerdo de Tejada, the author of the law secularizing the church property, and now a minister of the constitutional government, will, it is said, come to the United States with the treaties for the purpose of negotiating a loan.—There are capitalists in New York from whom half a million is expected, upon the pledge not only of the treaty fund, but of other property. The loss of the expected duty upon the exportation of the largest treasure conducted that has left the city of Mexico since 1828 has reduced the Juarez government to extremities.

President Juarez has uniformly and frankly declined all offers of aid from volunteers from the United States. He has

never wanted war; but lacks money and arms. He has been aware that our volunteers would become filibusters, and might become masters of Mexico. But in his present straits, and apprehending, as he does, the return of Santa Anna, he has given permission to Gov. Vidaurri to accept the services of three thousand American volunteers. There is no doubt of this fact. Whether this force, properly equipped and supplied, can be raised in the United States for the object, is very doubtful; but if it can be, it will soon be heard of in "the palaces of the Montezumas." By some such movement the Mexican problem is ultimately to be solved. Mexico, resourceful as the country is, and disordered as it is, presents questions of vastly more immediate importance than before.

Mr. McLane's treaties are expected here by the next packet.

SOUTHERN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The First Annual Meeting of the Southern Pomological Society will be held in Charlotte on the 3rd Thursday of August next. It is highly desirable that its members and all others who take an interest in fruit growing, should attend at that time, and assist in the promotion of this useful enterprise.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—Barnum's Museum, which has stood as a landmark at the head of the Park, is to give way to the march of improvement, and go up-town. The lot, a very valuable one, is advertised to be leased for 18 years from April next.

## MARRIED.

In Salisbury, on the 22nd ult., by the Rev. Mr. Houghton, Mr. PETER HAIRSTON to Miss FANNIE, daughter of Hon. David F. Caldwell.

## DIED.

In Newbern, on Thursday last, Mrs. MARTHA BLAKWELL, wife of Henry S. Blackwell, Esq., and daughter of W. W. Clark, Esq.

At Morganton, on the 30th of May, Mrs. ELIZABETH S. GAITHER, daughter of the late Col. Wm. W. Erwin, and consort of Col. B. S. Gaither, in the 50th year of her age.

In Jefferson county, Miss, May 31st, NEIL BUIE, aged 76 years. He removed from Robeson county, N. C., in 1809, and settled in Mississippi in 1811.

## New Advertisements.

## Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines (or 100 words) for one week \$1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 1 YEAR.

One square, \$5.00 \$7.00 \$12.00

Two squares, 9.00 14.00 22.00

Three 12.00 18.00 30.00

Half column 20.00 30.00 50.00

One column 34.00 50.00 70.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum, \$5.00

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY, Alamance County, N. C.

Dr. E. F. WATSON, Proprietor.

Miss C. KUMMER, Teacher of Music, French and German Languages.

Miss C. M. SULLIVAN, Teacher of Mathematics and Higher English Branches.

Miss N. V. M. WATSON, Assistant.

The 11th session will commence on the 2nd Thursday in July next. The School is entirely under the supervision of the Proprietor, and he is determined to give Young Ladies, who may patronize it, every advantage for obtaining a good education, while they enjoy the comforts of a home in his own family. The experience of the Teachers engaged is a sufficient guarantee for the faithful discharge of their respective duties, in the various departments under their charge.

Terms per Session of Five Months.

Board, \$30.00

Elementary English, 6.00

Higher English, 10.00

French and German, each, 5.00

Music on the Piano and Melodeon, each, 18.00

Oil and Grecian Painting, each, 10.00

Drawing and Painting in water colors, each, 5.00

Wax Flowers and Leather work, each, 5.00

Post Office, Watsonville, Alamance Co., N. C. June 17th, 1859. 23-4w

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,

High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.

Rev. N. McR. RAY, Principal, with efficient assistants.

The next Session of this Institution will begin the 1st Monday in August. Its patronage and prospects are such as to render it probable that we shall not be able to accommodate all applicants with board in the Institution.—Those who desire therefore to board in the Institution would do well to apply soon. Arrangements have been made to accommodate any number in private families. The undersigned and his family dwell in the Institution.

Instruction is given in all the branches taught in the best Female Institutions. We have apparatus, new Planes &c. The expenses are less than at any other Institution of the same character in the State. Board, alone and the English Branches \$40 to \$55 per session. Latin and Greek each \$7.50. French \$5. Ornamentals very low. Board and half the tuition required in advance.

30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for tuition until they can teach and pay for it.

Wanted Situations for Southern Female Teachers. For full information address,

REV. W. I. LANGDON, Proprietor.

June 27th 1859.

## What are Consols?

This question may be worth answering at present when every eye is looking with interest to the commercial status of Great Britain. A rise or fall in "Consols" is invariably taken as a sign of commercial prosperity or adversity, yet a few have a very definite idea of what is meant by "Consols." We find in the Boston Herald the following explanation of the term:

It is not expected that every body should know what Consols are, or if they do, that they should constantly bear in mind what an important element they are in the affairs of Great Britain. We propose to make a simple explanation as to their importance, by remarking that a permanent fall of 1 per cent. involves a loss to holders of, in round numbers, thirty millions of dollars.

The national debt of England began with the relinquishment of the custom of extorting from the people, and substituting borrowing therefor, to meet public exigencies. Charles I. borrowed largely from his partisans; but all his debts were extinguished by the Revolution. It was under his sons Charles II. and James II., that the foundations of a permanent debt were laid in England. On the accession of William III., the debt was £664,263. During his reign, however, the system of credit was expanded throughout Europe. A large part of the annual expenditure of the government was defrayed by borrowing money and pledging the state to pay annual interest upon it. At William's death, the debt was £15,730,439. From his time to the present, the process of borrowing has been continued in all exigencies, such as war, the large payment on account of Negro Emancipation, &c. In periods of peace, and when the rate of interest has been low, the Government has redeemed small portions of the debt, or it has lowered the annual charge by reducing, with the consent of the holders, the rate of interest.

The debt, then, consists of several species of loans or funds, with different denominations, which have been in process of time, variously mixed and mingled, such as Consols, &c. several different loans consolidated in one stock, 3 per cent Reduced Consol; New 3 per cent &c. The public debt continued to increase until, at the accession of George I in 1714, it was £54,145,363. Some two millions were paid off during his reign, but during that of his successor it was greatly increased, so that in 1763, it had reached the sum of £138,865,430. During the peace from 1762 to 1775, ten millions were paid, but at the conclusion of the American Revolution it was £249,751,628. In the peace which ensued from 1784 to 1793, ten and a half millions were paid. Then came the great moral and political revolution of Europe, in the course of which England sided with despotism—She fomented quarrels, caused coalition to be formed, spent money freely to uphold every absolutist, subsidized every despot and was the persistent enemy of the people. During this insane career she contracted an increase of debt exceeding six hundred millions sterling, so that at the close of the war and when English and Irish Eschequers were consolidated, the total funded and unfunded debt, in 1817, was £840,850,491, and the annual charge upon it was £32,016,941.

From that time to 1854 there was a continual reduction of debt. On the 1st April, 1854, it was \$768,663,249. But then came the Crimean war and afterwards the war in India. Immediately following these, came the necessity for increased expenses in placing the navy and army in preparation for a general European war. The Crimean and Indian wars have increased the debt more than all the reductions which were made during forty years, and to-day it cannot be less than £850,000,000.

This vast sum, reduced to dollars, is four thousand two hundred millions, most of which is Consols, bearing interest at three per cent. The ordinary price of the three per cents, 95 because people investing at such a low rate, will not pay par when money is worth a higher per centage. The last news is that Consols had fallen to 89 9/16. This fall is equal to two years interest, on four thousand millions dollars. If holders were obliged to sell now, the aggregate loss would be \$240,000. As it is, only those who have money engagements and must sell out to meet them, will be losers. Already we hear of the failure of forty stock brokers of this class, and others will follow unless consols improve.

SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY.—The New Orleans correspondent of the Charleston Courier says that Bishop Polk has succeeded in getting ten gentlemen of his diocese of the Episcopal Church, to subscribe \$300,000 towards the establishment of the great Southern University. One old gentleman—formerly U. S. Senator from that State, and subsequently Governor of Louisiana, the Hon. Mr. Johnson,—has subscribed \$10,000.



## Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 4th.

Kossuth, his patriotism yet to be proved—Mazzini, a true patriot—The celebration of the Fourth—The National Monument—A North Carolina officer—A Cuban Delegation—A Visit from the Locusts.

We remember to have promised your readers some account of Kossuth and Mazzini, and we shall proceed immediately to comply with our engagement, premising only that we shall not be tedious to those who know something of these worthies nor entirely uninteresting to those who have not this advantage. The first named has been before the public for a number of years, and an increase of knowledge of his character has, by no means, improved his fame in general estimation; there are several antecedents of his, in which, according to his account, everybody was in the wrong except himself—this looks suspicious; then, again, many of his brave companions in arms sealed their devotion to the cause with their blood, or escaped and have since led lives of laborious industry for their support. Kossuth, on the other hand, traveled through this country and spoke most eloquently for the freedom of Hungary, collecting arms, ammunition and money for this great and holy cause. Not one dime of this money has ever been refunded or used for the purposes for which it was intended. This hero is at present on his way to the seat of war. On his future actions depend his position on the page of history, either as a brave, enthusiastic and successful patriot, or an artful, intriguing and selfish politician. We must own that, at present, we incline to class him as one of the latter.

Mazzini was born at Genoa, in 1809. Like Kossuth, he was educated for the law. Both have been editors, recognizing in the press the great lever, which is eventually to overturn the mountain weight of despotic oppression, weighing down their native-land. He is the originator, the head and front of "La Giovine Italia," (Young Italy); fought valiantly against Austria in '48; was elected Dictator of Milan and subsequently Triumvir at Rome; was an active participant in Garibaldi's campaign; and is now, as the reward of his extraordinary exertions and sacrifices, an exile. A modern writer says of him, "He is intensely democratic in his nature, manners and convictions: 'God and the people' has ever been his device; he is the truest exemplification of genius—his mind being poetical and logical in the highest degree; everything he says or does being said and done in the best possible manner, showing him equally the man of action and of thought." It is a curious coincidence that Kossuth's first name is also that of the Emperor Napoleon, while Mazzini's forms part of the Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph.

The Nation's Birthday was celebrated with becoming spirit, though the crowd was not as large as we have seen on previous occasions; Mr. Badger's address was highly complimented; he took the ground that the great safeguards of our liberty and prosperity were Education and Virtue, or as Sir Wm. Jones expressed it in his famous ode, "What constitutes a State?"

"Men, who their duties know,  
But know their rights and knowing dare maintain;  
Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they read the  
chain."

The Mecklenburg Oration will be delivered at night by John Spelman, of the "Standard" Office, an Englishman by birth. The Committee were unable to obtain the use of the Commons' Hall from the Governor, so the speech to-day was delivered from a temporary stand near the Washington Statue. But one slight accident has yet marked the day; one of the marshals was accidentally dismounted, but happily received no injury. The day has been very cold for July, making thick clothes indispensable, but beyond this, it has been as pleasant, as a festival day ought to be expected to be.

Now that the "Mount Vernon Association" has so nearly accomplished its object, it is to be hoped some patriotic body will take up and complete the "Washington National Monument," which has been lingering in sad neglect, for a number of years. Vigorous measures have now been taken by the new committee; a distinguished officer of the Topographical Corps has been appointed by the War Department to superintend the Work, and circulars have been addressed to various portions of the country, soliciting aid. It is to be hoped that the magnificent structure, the only one worthy of the object, may now be speedily completed, it will be a lasting disgrace to the nation if the project fail of its accomplishment.

Francis J. Bryan, of this State, Lieut. Top. Engs. U. S. A., has been appointed to survey and determine the bound-

dary line between Virginia and Tennessee.

A large party of Cubans passed through this city last week, on their way to the springs; this is certainly the cheapest and most effectual way to Americanize Cuba; if her sons and daughters are educated and married here they will transplant our institutions and ideas on their native soil, and the "Ever Faithful Isle" will become ours by the force of events and almost by the course of nature.

The locusts, punctual to their appointed time, have invaded us, and the nocturnal shade is vocal with their efforts at melody. Yours, &c., P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, June 24th., 1859.

The Weather—the War—Ocean Telegraph—Street Commissioner—Hanging Day—The Two Rebellious Catholic Priests—Kossuth—The British Ministry Defeated.

Up to this date there have been but two warm summer days; altogether it has been the coolest season I have ever witnessed in New York, so cool that but few persons have left the city, finding it more pleasant here than in the country.

The steamers Kangaroo, Ocean Queen and Persia have all arrived within two days, bringing tidings from the seat of war up to the 10th inst. Another bloody conflict has occurred, in which the French were victorious, and the accounts set the losses at from fifteen to twenty-five thousand men! The facts were no doubt dreadful enough, yet a large allowance must be made for the reports on both sides so soon after the battle. The French and their allies seem to be inspired with courage, while the Austrians, thus far, have quailed and been sadly discomfited. The forces in the last battle at Magenta amounted to 250,000 men, the Austrians having the greatest number. The feeling of the French nation may be gathered from the fact that a very large loan was called for to sustain the war, and when the bids were opened, there was twice the amount offered. It is currently reported that Prussia is to join the Austrians; if so, it may be reasonably expected that within three months 78,000,000 of people will be arranged on the "Napoleon" side, and 98,000,000 on the side of the Austrians. How flimsy the "Christian Alliance" before the enraged "God of War."

The Ocean Telegraph Company are reviving, and will go immediately to work on a more extended scale, and will, no doubt, this time prove successful.

Our Board of Aldermen have, after six months' delay, agreed with the Mayor in appointing a Street Commissioner, and there is but little doubt that half his income (\$30,000) went or will go for the "suffrages of his fellow citizens" the Aldermen.

James Stephens, for poisoning his wife, James Shepherd, for burning his wife to death, Quimbo Appo, for murdering his landlady, and Felix Sanchez, for murdering his father-in-law, were all to be hung in this city on the 22d of July, (Friday of course, as it is questionable whether a man would die in this country if hung upon any other day.) The Governor, unfortunately has reprieved Quimbo Appo, the Chinaman, until October, but I guarantee that Sanchez the "negro" don't get off.

The two catholic priests, Dayman and Camps, who have for some time been at war with Bishop Hughes, have recently had their bread offered them, buttered on both sides, plenty of meat and cabbage, pork and beans in this life, and "grace and glory" in that which is to come, in consideration of which they have "repented" all sayings "against the dignity of the Archbishop;" and Camps uses this blasphemous language—"I ask pardon and indulgence for the trouble which I have given to enlightened and timid consciences, and to the Most Rev. Prelate, with the profoundest humiliation and submission, offered as to Jesus Christ himself, whom I adore in the sublime dignity of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York." When a man submits his soul, his body, and his all in this life and that to come to another man, he is no longer a man.

"Kossuth," (not my old hat,) but the genuine "Kossuth" has waked up and is found upon the skirts of Napoleon. Where next?

The British Ministry have been defeated by a vote of thirteen majority, and it was thought that they would resign the day the Persia left. There was "want of confidence in their war spirit."

Respectfully yours, E.

PRINCETON COLLEGE.—At the annual commencement of this institution on Wednesday, there were 55 graduates.—Senator Pearce, of Md., received the degree of L.L.D., and George W. Alexander, of the District of Columbia, the degree of A.M. Rev. Dr. Musgrave was elected to fill a vacancy in the board of trustees.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

PARIS, LAMAR COUNTY, TEXAS, June 11th, 1859.

Messrs Editors:—Several copies of "The Times" have just come to hand and if you know how a man feels when he meets a friend far from home, you can appreciate my feelings upon receiving several numbers of "The Times." I received them on Thursday night, on my return from a concert given by the young ladies of "The Paris Female Seminary," and was tempted to keep late hours in order to read them, although fatigued by a long ride over the prairies during the day. I have rambled around in this country considerably since my arrival, and see on every side, evidences of rapid growth and increasing prosperity. My first impressions with regard to the climate were unfavorable, but now at the end of six weeks, my observations, combined with what I have been able to learn from others, have convinced me that the climate of this part of Texas is both agreeable and healthy. At this season of the year persons can sleep in the open air with impunity; indeed I have met with old Texans, who think that they could not survive the summer if compelled to be caged up in a close room; and yet the nights are invariably cool and pleasant. No matter how warm it may be in the day time, when night comes on there is an agreeable coolness in the atmosphere, and before midnight a blanket becomes almost necessary to protect from the cold.

The soil in the greater portion of this, and two or three of the adjoining counties, is "as rich as cream." For the production of wheat, oats and corn, it can not be surpassed. Many of the farmers are engaged in raising cotton. The land produces about 3,300 pounds of seed cotton per acre, with very little cultivation.—This part of Texas is in reality "a garden spot." The people of other States are finding out this fact, and hence we meet here representatives from all the Southern States, and from most of the Northwestern States of the Union.

As for the scenery, I much prefer the mountains, hills, valleys, lakes, and rivers of New England and Central Virginia to these prairies. Yet the prairies are beautiful. I have often heard of but have never seen a level prairie. In traveling from east to west we are alternately ascending and descending, and every few miles there is a strip of wood land, which is generally found in the hollows. This country has been famous as a stock-grazing country, but the soil is so rich that new-comers commence cultivating it immediately on their arrival, and hence the range for stock is becoming every year more and more limited.

Wheat is worth from forty to fifty cents per bushel. Corn seldom brings a higher price. Other produce sells proportionably low. The completion of the Mississippi, El Paso and Pacific Railroad to this point will enable farmers to sell for higher prices at an early day. The wheat harvest is over, and the grain is now being threshed ready for market.

I have not met with a man who is at all dissatisfied with the natural advantages of this section of country. The society is very good. There is, however, a marked difference between the people from the old States and the "old settlers." I do not admire the manners and habits of some of the old settlers, but of course among them there is a marked difference between families living in the same neighborhood.—Some are rather too destitute of culture and refinement to be fitted for any other mode of life than that of a rough pioneer.

Many of this class move further West as new settlers come in, seeming to prefer to keep as far from civilization as possible. Some days ago I was at the house of an old settler, and saw, for the first time, ladies engaged in "snuff-dipping." Some half dozen women and girls seated themselves in a free and easy manner in a circle upon the grass in the shade of some trees, and placing a pot of snuff in the centre of the circle, produced their mops and "pitched in." The mops were sticks about six inches long and from one fourth to one half inch in diameter, made generally of hickory bark, and the ends were fitted for "mopping" by chewing them. They call them tooth-brushes, and one young lady complained that she had lost the best tooth-brush she ever had. In my simplicity, I supposed she meant a tooth-brush instead of a dirty stick for mopping snuff, and accordingly I offered to procure another for her the first time I could find it convenient to send it to her from Paris.

"From Paris?" said she, with a look that seemed to say to me, you must be an ignoramus or else you are "tight."

I replied, very meekly, that I did not think there were any stores nearer than Paris.

"Go to a store after a tooth-brush?" said she, "Well, I never! Give me your knife."

I obliged without hesitation, hoping that the fair Miss did not intend to make an unlawful use of it, and had the satisfaction of seeing that she did not intend to use it on me, but merely wanted to show me how to make a tooth-brush.

The ladies seemed to enjoy the exercise of chewing their sticks daubed with snuff,

and expectorating as freely as so many loafers.

Since that exhibition I have inwardly resolved that if the habit of chewing or snuff-dipping, from the moment I learn the fact, I will use no more tobacco "while the world stands." I am informed that the habit prevails in the "Old North State." If so, I hope the fair sex will reform, and when they abandon snuff-dipping, they may persuade some of the men to throw away their "fine cut" and "honey-dew." However, I suppose we can get used to seeing snuff-dipping, for I confess I do not dislike to see elderly ladies take snuff or smoke. However, we are in a free country, and "chacun a son gout" in all things.

There has been much excitement about the Indians in the western counties.—Several large companies have assembled to attack the "Reserve." The people in the vicinity of the "Reserve" affirm that it affords protection to thieving Indians; and also that the Indians at the "Reserve" steal and kill, and then charge the wild savages with their own crimes. There have been a hundred rumors of wars afloat within a few weeks. One day we hear that there are 800 men under arms, marching to attack the Reserve; the next, and 300 of the number have been sent to catch and lynch Gov. Runnels for attempting to restrain the lawless violence of the people on the frontier. There can be little doubt that much of the trouble with the Indians is brought about by mean white men—fiends in human shape, who take advantage of disturbances to rob and murder.

It was bad policy to allow the Indians to remain in the State, and the sooner they are removed the better for all parties.

My letter is already too long, hence adieu for the present.

Yours truly, "PROFESSOR."

MONS. BLONDIN AND HIS PASSAGE OF NIAGARA.—This adventurous individual has a cable stretched across the Niagara river from bank to bank, about eleven hundred feet, at an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet above the water. While several men were employed in guying it, Mons. Blondin walked out to the middle, and seating himself cross-legged on the cable, drank a bottle of ginger pop to the success of his enterprise. The Niagara Falls Gazette says that on Thursday forenoon, while the large cable was being drawn across by means of small rope, it began to be thought that the strain on the latter was too great, and fears entertained that it would part. The end of the cable was at this time within two hundred feet of the Canada bank. Had the rope broken, all the previous labor in getting the first one across would have been thrown away. In this dilemma Mons. Blondin attached a cord to his body and went out on the small rope the distance above named, and after attaching another one to the cable, descended on a slack rope to the top of a tree which grows from near the water's edge. All this was done with the agility of a squirrel, and in no apparent fear. The cable was then landed and made secure.

As announced the first crossing on the cable took place on Thursday of last week the 30th, and we understand it to be Mons. Blondin's intention to perform the feat twice a week during the pleasure season at the Falls. This is a wonderful feat, but we cannot see that either Mons. Blondin, or the visitors at the Falls can be much benefited by the insane desire to work wonders.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.—From Irving's Washington we give the following thrilling incident:—"A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived in camp, were strolling about Cambridge, and viewing the collegiate buildings, now turned into barracks. Their half-Indian equipments, fringed and ruffled hunting garbs, provoked the merriment of some troops from Marblehead, chiefly fishermen and sailors, who thought nothing equal to the round jacket and trowsers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground, and snowballs began to fly when jokes were wanting. The parties waxed warm with the contest. They closed and came to blows; both sides were reinforced, and, in a little while, at least a thousand were at fist-cuffs, and there was tumult in the camp worthy of the days of Homer. "At this time," writes our informant, "Washington made his appearance, whether by accident or design I never knew. I saw none of his aids with him, and his black servant was just behind him, mounted. He threw the bridle off his own horse into his servant's hands, sprung from his seat, rushed into the thickest of the melee, seized two tall brawny riflemen by the throat, keeping them at arm's length, talking to and shaking them.

As these were from his own province, he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct; they were engaged too in one of those sectional brawls which were his especial aversion; his reprimand must, therefore, have been a vehement one.—He was commanding in his serene moments, but irresistible in his bursts of indignation. On the present occasion, we are told, his appearance and strong-handed rebuke put an instant end to the tumult. The combatants dispersed in every direction; and, in less than three minutes, none remained on the ground but two he had collared."

CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY ON THE RIGHT AND DUTY OF CONGRESS TO PROTECT SLAVE PERSONS AND SLAVE PROPERTY.—It is a matter of sincere congratulation among the conservative men of the whole country, at this moment when present authority on the subject is so important, that the most authoritative judicial voice in the Union has spoken directly on the question of Congressional protection to slave property.

In the case of the slave Amy, decided a few days since, Chief Justice Taney has furnished a written decision, which repeats and confirms in all its force the views previously set forth by Gov. Wise in his late letter to Mr. Sandford.

From a review of the decision, we discover the assertion of the following great principles of doctrine:

1. That slaves are recognized by the Constitution of the United States in the character of persons.
2. That slaves are represented in Congress as persons.
3. That, as persons, they are, in many instances, at least, subject to certain liabilities, and invested with the right corresponding to those liabilities, and in the same way that other persons are.
4. That among these liabilities are those which render them amenable to trial and punishment for crimes and misdemeanors; and among these rights, is the right of legal protection against personal injury.
5. That the Constitution of the United States also recognizes slaves as property.
6. "As property, the rights of the owner are entitled to the protection of the law;" i. e., the laws of the United States enacted by Congress.

The entire identity of this view of the matter, with that presented by Gov. Wise, must be at once manifest to every reader. [Richmond Enquirer.

FIRST NEW WHEAT IN BALTIMORE.—The first wheat in Baltimore, of this year's growth, was in the market on last Wednesday. It was raised by Mr. Boughton, of Essex county, Va., and was sold to Mr. Samuel Duer, at the high price of three dollars per bushel.

The Postmaster General has ordered of G. F. Nesbitt, of New York, the contractor, one million of stamped envelopes with the new self-sealing improvement. They will be furnished to the public at five cents per hundred more than is charged for the present pattern.

Thirty-eight persons were killed by the railroad accident at Chicago.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT LANDS OF FLORIDA.—A certified list of fifty-seven thousand eight hundred and nine acres of land in the Newnansville district, approved to the State by the Secretary of the Interior, under the provisions of the 8th section of the act of 4th September, 1841, has just been transmitted to the Governor of the State of Florida, by the acting Commissioner of the General Land Office. These lands are selected by the State in part satisfaction of the Internal Improvement grant by Congress of five hundred thousand acres, under the act above mentioned, the proceeds from the sale of which land by the State go to make up the trust fund of the State for Internal Improvement purposes. [Washington Eve. Star.

LOAN EFFECTED.—The Raleigh Register understands that our State Treasurer, Daniel W. Courts, Esq., telegraphs from New York, that he has effected a loan in that city for the State of \$50,000 in specie at 5 1/2 per cent. This speaks well for our State's credit.

Mayor Ben McCulloch, late United States Marshal of Texas, is a prodigy.—He not only resigned his office, but upon settling his accounts, the government found due him \$18 06 more than he claimed.—During the seven years he was in office he disbursed \$160,000 for the government, and collected under executions and judgments about a half a million more, and yet he did not steal a dollar nor hold on to a large sum under the pretext that he had offsets against the government.

From thirty to thirty-five passports continue to be issued daily from the State Department. About three fourths of them are to naturalized citizens.

FROM EDGEcombe, N. C.—We clip the following item from the Tarboro' Southern, of Saturday:

Mr. Wm. W. Phippen has sold to Mr. Henry A. Sharley, for \$7,500, the track of land containing 275 acres in this county, which he recently purchased from G. W. Whitfield for \$7,000.



## THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, July 9, 1859.

C. C. COLE, } Editors and Proprietors.  
J. W. ALBRIGHT, }

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ED. ST. GEO. COOK,  
MRS. C. HUTCHINS,  
GRIFITH A. MORSE,  
and others.

## American as compared with English Literature.

Politically, we are a free people; commercially, we have outstripped even Great Britain herself; in industry and ingenuity, we are acknowledged to be pre-eminent; we are making rapid advances in the department of the Fine Arts. When shall we emerge from our literary tutelage? When shall our country assume a rank in the world of letters befitting her dignity and importance? It is true that our Literature—if by Literature we are to understand books in general—has never been deficient in quantity. The presses of our Harpers and our Redfields teem with volumes of all possible shapes, colors, sizes and subjects. Innumerable disciples of Sylvanus Cobb weekly (we meant no pun) vie with each other and with their illustrious prototype, in pouring their flood of crude trash into the family circles of our erudite mechanics, profound tradesmen and country blue-stockings. But this is not what we need. We want more thought and less verbosity—fewer books and better ones. The American scholar, while possessing peculiar advantages in freshness of thought and originality of expression, is sadly lacking in *exactitude*. In his reading, he is a literary bo-a-constrictor, (if we may be allowed the comparison,) gulping down everything, good, bad, and indifferent, and drawing but little nourishment from the undigested mass. His acquirements extend over a wide field, and are generally, though by no means necessarily or invariably, of a superficial kind. Owing to the material tendencies of all around him, he is too often anxious rather to *appear*, than to *be* profound. It is humiliating to observe the superiority in these respects of our trans-Atlantic cousins. The English differ materially from us in their system of education, and as a result their standard of scholarship is high above our own. With them, the schoolboy obtains a mastery over the rudiments rarely, if ever, met with among American youths. And, whether we admit it or not, it is a fact that the students, who pass through the full course at Eton or any of the other English grammar schools are, in the average, more thorough scholars in what they have undertaken, than the graduates, the Bachelors and Masters of Arts in most of our Universities. It may indeed be urged with justice that if our studies are less searching they are more extended. We know that the Seniors or perhaps the Sophomores of Yale or Harvard might, in a discussion where rapidity of thought and glibness of utterance are the chief requisites, eclipse intellects of far greater calibre from the precincts of Oxford and Cambridge. We know that learned fellows of the twin universities would shrink at the attempt to make a stump speech,

which any Yankee college lad might rattle off in the spur of the moment with the utmost *sang froid*. And yet we are sufficiently old-foggyish to wish that our rising statesmen, (for every schoolboy now-a-days regards it as a matter of course that he is to be a statesman) were less precocious.

The effect of a more rigid system of education would be felt immediately in the improvement of our literary tastes. And, as the supply will in all cases adapt itself to the demand, the offerings of our literary caterers would necessarily improve with the tastes of the consumers. Certainly in the course of one generation a higher tone would be given to our learning. But we fear that time alone will bring about the needed reform. Just now the pursuit of the almighty dollar engrosses all our interest. Until the excitement of that chase has died away with success, it is hardly probable that the native energy of the American character can ever be directed to the development of our imperfect educational system, and the regeneration of literature that would surely follow.

## Ovid's House of Envy.

The following description of Envy, from the metamorphoses of Ovid, Book 2. lines 760 is well imagined: the goddess Minerva is visiting her dwelling:

Her house is concealed in the low recesses of a cavern; sunless, entered by no breeze; it is gloomy, most replete with sluggish coolness; it is always destitute of fire and always full of darkness. When the Virago, fearful in war, arrived here, she stopped before her dwelling (for she had no right to enter the roof) and struck the door with the end of her spear. The gates open at the knock. She discovered within Envy eating the flesh of vipers, the food of her vices; at sight of her, the goddess averts her eyes. But envy rises from the hard ground, and leaves the bodies of serpents half consumed: she walks with tottering pace. And when she sees the goddess decked with beauty, and clothed in armor, she groaned out—And when she viewed her face, she drew a deep sigh. Palest sat on her countenance; leanness on her whole frame.—She did not look straight at any thing; her teeth were black with foulness, her breath green with gall; her tongue swollen with poison. She never smiles unless she sees the distresses of others. She takes no sleep, being kept awake by watchful cares. And when she sees the successes of men, hateful to her, she pines at the sight; and while she injures others, she suffers herself and is her own punishmet.

DEATH OF AN ESTIMABLE YOUNG LADY:—The Columbia (S. C.) papers notice in most affecting terms the death of Miss Nannie W. Thornwell, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Thornwell, of that city. She is said to have been a young lady of rare intellectual gifts, most lovable disposition, and the idol of her relatives and acquaintances. She was soon to have been married, and those who are called to mourn her early demise can but feel the terrible contrast which the funeral and the shroud make to the bridal robes and the marriage feast.

HONORS TO GEN. McMAHON:—The Paris correspondent of the London Times says: "The great honors conferred on Gen. McMahon, now a Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta, prove how great were the services he must have rendered, and how terrible the danger from which he rescued the Imperial Guard. If it be true that the Emperor was actually hemmed in by the Austrians, the force of the words attributed to the Empress—namely, that Gen. McMahon had saved the army—will be fully and deeply felt."

A FOSSILE TOOTH.—A correspondent of the Macon Press, writing from Cherokee county, Georgia, says:

I have just seen a tooth that was dug up from a spring where the quicksand was some fifteen feet deep, about two-and-a-half miles from this town. It weighs 4½ pounds, and measures 7½ by 4½ inches, and some 9 inches long; though the prongs are broken off, showing a very large cavity for the nerve and blood vessel. It has probably lost some six inches of prong. The upper surface is serrated, having five distinct points, where the enamel is worn off showing great age, as the tooth is the last one of the row, and I think, came from the upper jaw on the right side.

## Our Own Gossip.

EDITED BY "PONINGOE."

This is an age of sensations. There is the dress sensation, the war sensation and the star sensation. The latter is a very common one. If you don't believe it, ask Cobb—we mean Sylvanus, who may be called the "hammar and tongs," of dish-water literature. Original in style, a plagiarist in plot, and a butcher-boy among the dictionaries, he writes as but few will write—that's so. If you don't believe that, don't ask Sylvanus. Now, by-the-way, we have got "a feller" at our elbow who can write as hot a "blood and thunder story," as ever came dripping from the pen of the great Cobb himself. This chap's name is "Theodore Broadaxe," and he favors us this week, with the following specimen, of his remarkable powers of intellect, which we now present to our readers:

## MISERY;

OR, THE MURDERERS' FATE.

BY THEODORE BROADAXE.

It was the darkest night, that ever was. Not a star appeared in the high vault of heaven. The wind shrieked like ten-thousand hissing rattle-snakes, and the rain came down in the most tremendous style. On such a horrible night, there might have been seen (I don't say there was seen), a man, attired in the uniform of a Cadet, running at the top of his speed up a hill. He seemed to be in a great hurry, which was doubtless the fact. Foam, as white as ice-cream, was gushing from his mouth, and the perspiring essence of anxiety, fell from his forehead, in drops almost as large as hickory-nuts. The grating of his teeth was heard above the Niagara-like roar of the elements, and the clatter of his heavy boots upon the clay-road, sank into significance along side of the loud beating of his awfully agitated heart. Revenge seemed written with a pen of charcoal upon his brow. A sudden flash of lightning changed the complexion of things. "Horror," muttered the man, from between his set jaws. "Now or never, it must be done—now, now, now or never!" he growled like a ferocious tiger. On, and on he went, till he gained the top of the hill, when, leaving the main road, he plunged into a thick wood, and was never heard of afterwards.

.....We give this as a true work of the ingenious brain of Mr. "Broadaxe." The reader will observe that the story is brief but very suggestive. Its title may not be appropriate, but that is a matter of small importance; and, then, bear in mind, that this affair, is merely a sensation story, equal, if not superior, to anything that has ever emanated from the fertile mind of the great and wonderful (corn) Cobb....."Jenny Mayflower," our fair, faithful, friendly and funny correspondent, sends in her contributions as regularly as a clock sends out its time-ticks, and she never comes without a welcome, although she does come A-MISS—that is to say, Jenny isn't married yet, though she will be before a great while, providence, parents and parson permitting. Read, from her pen, the following on

## MUSIC.

Dear Gossip:—I am very fond of music. I think that a taste for sweet sounds, is very refining and ennobling. Where such a taste exists, the vulgar and base, never flourish. It purges the mind of all that would lead to debasement of intellectual corruption of heart, and brings to the mind, the true and perfect nobility of thought, and to the heart, the dignity of upright purpose and action. The love of music, gives a pure tone to every imagination, and helps to fill up many an hour, which otherwise would be blank and heavy. When I see a person who does not enjoy a taste for music—who does not love it—I immediately set him down, for an individual of impure mind and stubborn heart. From such a being I say "deliver us." I would no sooner marry such a man, than I would a half-civilized cannibal, and if I were to have my choice between the two, I think I would unhesitatingly prefer the latter. That's Jenny Mayflower, all out. I believe in fiddles, banjos, bones, pinoles, melodeons, and everything, that can be made to produce music. I believe in the prattle of a young babe, and love most dearly, to listen to it; I believe in the song of joy, when a heart has been made glad, and I believe in the song of love. There now, don't call me silly, for saying so. I do believe in it, and what's more, I listen to it as often as possible. I tell you what it is, there's nothing like music. "Them's the sentiments" of

JENNY MAYFLOWER.

....."Them's our sentiments," too Jenny. We are so fond of music, that we can even stand the grinding of a street-organ, under our window at midnight, so long as it plays as it ought to play. In the beautiful language of somebody,

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage,  
To melt a heart, or split a cabbage."

....."Claude" sends us the following verses, entitled,

## WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.

BY CLAUDE.

When we are married, dearest,  
Wilt thou love me then, as now?  
Wilt lay thy hand caressingly  
And fondly on my brow?  
Each day I'll bring thee freshest flowers,  
Unstained by sin or art,  
And braid them in a fadeless wreath  
Of love around thy heart.

No moment shall go by dearest,  
And leave a solemn trace,  
But every one shall paint the smiles  
Of gladness on thy face.  
The path in which thy feet shall tread,  
Shall never know one thorn,  
The radiant sky above thy head  
Shall never frown with scorn.

Love, love alone shall guide, dearest,  
Thy footsteps in life's way;  
Thy lips shall never cease to smile,  
Thy spirits shall be gay.  
Upon thy bosom I will rest,  
And fear no rude alarms,  
While I am clasped to thy warm breast,  
And locked within thy arms.

The sweetest joys of earth, dearest,  
Thy heart shall ever claim,  
And never shall one act of mine  
Suffuse thy life with shame.  
For thee alone my heart shall yearn,  
To thee alone I'll cling,  
And ne'er a thoughtless word of mine  
To thee shall sorrow bring.

Affection's sacred light, dearest,  
Shall beam upon thy mind,  
And sorrow, if it come to thee,  
Shall harmless be as wind;  
The hand of peace shall close thy eyes  
As evening shuts the rose,  
And blissful dreams of joy and love  
Shall bless each night's repose.

Wedded in heart and mind, dearest,  
Our lives shall doubtless be,  
We'll eul the rarest, ripest fruit  
Of love's green, fruitful tree.  
We'll drink the sweet wine of delight,  
Pure as the summer rain,  
And each be comforted to each  
In hours of care or pain.

Thus shall our life-times glide, dearest,  
In happiness along;  
We'll strike Affection's trembling harp  
And sing Love's merry song;  
Each sunrise on our lives shall shed  
The brightest, purest ray;  
Each sunset scatter on our hearts  
Joys ne'er to fade away.

And when the hand of Age, dearest,  
Shall bring time's silver threads,  
And braid them in the locks of hair  
That mantle both our heads,  
Then, when the ruddiness of youth  
Has faded from thy brow,  
The kiss of love I offer thee  
Shall be as warm as now.

.....When you are married, "Claude," may you be happy—"as happy as the day is long"—is all the harm we wish you.....We "kinder thort" that "Jerry Jones," would be "round" again this week, and here he is, in the shape of another peculiar letter from

Up-in-Varmount }  
Juli the Fust '59. }

Dear Gossip:—I sed in mi last pistol to yew that Eye'd rite yew agin wun uv these daze, an hure I'm at it hed over heels in the middul uv pen, ink, papur and Ukul Samuel's stamps. Sens I wrot yew last thar hez bin a 'lection up here 2 sca wethur, or not wethur, Joe Jonson ort 2 bee the jistis ov the piece for this place. Thay had a grate yume of it eye k'n tell yew. The big kannon wuz hawled out & made to holler as loud as it kood. Then thay went 2 work at the leekshun bizniz. Dekun Smooth sed he'd vote fur Tom Smith, and the skule-master sed he'd vote fur Joe Jonson, and wot's more he kaw'd Tom Smith a bad name, [which Eye don't want tu sa,] so Dekun Smooth hit the skule-master, and then the Jonson boys and the Smith fellers went at it, stein' like so many civil-warriors. The old jistis of the piece stopt the muss aftur a wile assisted by the shoemaker and pettifogger of this town, but not till the Dekun got a black I and the skule-master a peace ov his ere bit oph. Then the leekshun went on as yewwul and bine-by the big gun went oph agin and Tom Smith, a grate monstrus man standin' 'bout 7 feet in his bewts and waying nereli 400 lbs [averderpoys] wuz declared elected. In the evenin thar wuz speking and some fitein, but 'owl went Mary az a marriage Belle' aftur 12 'clock o' nite. That's much as I kin send now, sow take care ov yew self till I skribble tew yew agin. Yours Onely

JEREMIAH JONES.

P. S. & N. B.—Sukey's boils are gettin better, & my brother Zackeriar's fever nagur Kamplauite is worse than it wuz before, but he bares the trouble like onto a he-roar.

J. J.

.....That must have been an election "as was an leekshun," and no mistake. It takes the "Varmounters" to "kick up a breeze," during election-time. They enter into the spirit of the thing with such earnestness and patriotism; and the love of party-fire, before their eyes, magnifies a constable into as important a personage as the President, himself..... Without much ado we lay before our readers a rhyme, written by a friend of ours, who is the husband of our wife.

We would criticise the affair, but Mrs. Poningoe says, it might look rather "egertistikul," so we drop the critique and give it *instanter*. It is called

DON JON-JONES,

The Valorous Knight of the Valley of Shigger-um-Shack.

Into the valley of Shigger-um-shack  
A brave Knight-errant rode;  
His charger was shod with precious iron,  
And he bore a precious load;  
For braver a man than Don Jon-jones  
Ne'er handled spear or shield,  
Or threw the glove of his mighty hand  
To the mightiest of the field.  
The life of his life was the maid of Neah-deel,  
The proudest and the best;  
The heart of her heart was in his soul;  
Her image was on his crest.  
He rode thro' the valley of Shigger-um-Shack  
With a martial, mensur'd tramp,  
Like that of a well-drilled sentinel's  
Around a drowsy camp.  
The tipsy wind was winding along  
And dallying with his plume,  
And the corpulent trees their shadows threw  
down

And made the grass blush with gloom,  
Yet the sky was bright as a pica-yune,  
And blue as an indigo-bag,  
And the charger on which Don Jon-jones rode  
Went swift as the swiftest stag.  
In the eye of the Knight was the volcano's  
light.

In his muscles the whirl-wind's power,  
And he thought as he gallopp'd thro' Shigger-um-Shack  
He made the whole world cover,  
And so he rode, and so he thought  
In the valley of Shigger-um-shack,  
With the flying day before his face,  
And the night behind his back.  
Oh, a chivalrous Knight was Don Jon-jones  
He never was hurt by fear,  
But round and round thro' Shigger-um-Shack  
He gallop'd all the year.  
The blood of vengeance ran mad in his head  
And pompously swelled in his veins,  
Till it washed from his nature all natural  
dread.

And blunted and stunted his brains.  
So, ever and onward thro' Shigger-um-Shack  
A-stride of his charger he went,  
With his shining spear set in its rest,  
On the pilgrimage of Honor bent.  
And the people who dwell in that valley of  
Spain—

The valley of Shigger-um-shack—  
Believed the valorous Knight Jon-jones  
A man with the de'il at his back.  
And when he came to die (which he did)  
The body of Knight Jon-jones  
Was laid in the valley of Shigger-um-Shack  
Beneath a pile of stones.  
And this is all that the rhymers would rhyme,  
So now he takes a tack,  
And leaves the bones of Jon-jones 'neath  
the stones  
In the valley of Shigger-um-shack.

.....The question is this: Did, or did not, this Knight ever do anything really beneficial to his race? We think not. There are such Knights all around us—men who are continually harping on some one idea, but never arrive at anything of real value or importance. Yet in their purposes, they can no more be "turned from the folly of their ways," than the plunge of Niagara can be stayed by an ordinary mill-dam. "But sich is life.".....A friend of ours, a Justice of the Peace in one of the moral districts, once had a fellow named Bill Brown brought before him to answer the charge of stealing a peck of clams. The evidence was very tame, and the Justice dismissed the case; but remembering that he (the Justice) had something of his own against Brown, he said to the poor fellow, "Brown the ease against you is dismissed, but confound you, I'll send you up for thirty days." Everybody was astonished at this, but the unfortunate victim was accordingly sent to the "Brown Jug." A few days after this, the Justice was walking in front of the jail, and happening to look through the grates, he saw poor Brown looking out with as demure and chop-fallen a countenance as ever characterized an old "blue light." "I told you I'd see you through them," said the Justice, holding his fingers before his eyes duly crossed. "I told you I'd see you through them." "Come, Squire, let me out," said Brown. "Never," returned the Justice. "If you will," replied Brown, "I'll stand treat." "Done," said the Justice, who immediately sought the jailor and, after stating the circumstances of Brown's incarceration, had the prisoner released. Then the Justice, his arm locked with Brown's, repaired to a hotel in the vicinity, and they there remained for a couple of days on a regular "bust." There isn't much in this story, but it is true and no mistake. In the same village where this Justice and Brown lived, there once resided an old pettifogger who carried on the business of putting up pork for the market, as well as that of the law, and the sign, apprising the passerby of his profession, read as follows:

JOB SMITH

turner at LAW & Packer of Perck.  
That's true, too. The name of the village in which these remarkable men have done so much for their country, is "Law-"



pit." Suggestive name, that.... Just as we crossed the last "it" in that that immediately foregoing, we remembered that we have a communication from "Alice Junebug," which we now take pleasure in serving our customers with. We have tasted the dish, and must say that its flavor suits us to the very "salt and pepper." Here it is:—

*Friend Gossip:*—I am a man after "Jenny Mayflower's" own heart. I am down on every old bachelor between here and Calcutta. I consider them perfect good-for-nothings, and nothing more. Real no-nothings, too; for what do they know? and if they do know anything, what does their knowledge all amount to—who is benefitted by it? Nobody, certainly. It is all wasted on the desert air of single loneliness. It isn't, all put together, worth the snap of a leather whip, and I challenge—yes, I defy! any old dog of a bachelor to prove it otherwise.

I always laugh when I see a man who has not got the courage to ask some girl to share his fate. Talk about bravery, there it is for you. If I could have my way I'd wring the noses off of all the old bachelors in the universe—that I would. They would be worth looking at then—they'd appear so ridiculous. But no more, dear Gossip, at present. If you like my style I'll let you hear from me again, one of these days. Smilingly I am your

ALICE JUNEBUG.

.....We shall be glad to hear from you as often as you may choose to write us, Miss "Junebug," and, by the way, allow us to inquire why you have n't, ere this, caught some bachelor, and thrown that surname of yours into the jaws of obsolescence? "Junebug"—what a name!

.....One and all, Gossips, good-bye.

### Linda.

BY MATILDA.

A tall fair girl with twilight eyes,  
Half hidden by their lashes brown,  
With lips that seldom wear a smile  
And brow that knows no frown;  
Her cheek is pale as mountain ash  
And yet at times there steals a glow  
Across its surface like the tints  
That brighten Alpine snow;  
And ever in her sweet brown eyes  
A light like sabbath sunshine lies.

Among the gifted and the great  
She would be passed unheeded by,  
And few could mark the soul's pure light  
That kindles in her eye,  
And few could mark the wondrous glow  
That steals across her face at times,  
And few would hear in her low voice  
A music sweet as rhymes,  
Breathed by the lips we love the best,  
When day goes floating down the west.

Not in the splendid halls of pride—  
Not with the gay and great of earth—  
Not there is Linda's beauty seen—  
Ah! no beside our hearth;  
And by the lonely sufferer's bed,  
And in the blessed house of prayer,  
And where the weeping mourner kneels,  
Her smile is sweetest there;  
Aye Linda is a household name,  
Whose beauty is more felt than seen.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### The Pride of Drummondville.

BY H. A. DWIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

MISS CASTLETON was much pleased to find herself preferred to Julietta, especially as the latter had been so long his favorite, and that of the village. Of course she left no means unimproved to retain the preference which she had thus secured. Carlos, also, determined to ingratiate himself the more with her, as rumor most confidently asserted that she would be an heiress of an immense fortune. Ten thousand, therefore, began to sink in Carlos' estimation—for now fifty thousand were evidently in prospect. Nor did he reflect that rumor is generally a liar, and that no reliance can be placed upon the utterances of her hundred tongues. Julietta determined, nevertheless, to abide her fate. If Carlos could better himself, she should make no objection. If he preferred some one else, well—or if not, well; she could not help the matter—nor would it comport with her dignity to endeavor to do so. All that she could do, was to sit solitary and sad and watch the progress and issue of events.

Carlos, however, did not commit himself in this case; his principle being to make everything secure before a venture. Miss Castleton's uncles must first die and their will be divulged before he could make a move beyond the arts of adulation and professed regard. Miss Castleton was evidently pleased with Carlos; and the more so, because she had been from the first, and still was, the successful rival of Julietta. She even supposed that Carlos had been engaged to Julietta, and had deserted her on her account. She therefore felt much flattered, and presumed that Carlos would soon fully commit himself. She didn't understand fully the character of the young man, however, he was as much on his guard with respect

to her as he had been with respect to Julietta. Nor could she entrap him—he was too artful for her maneuvers. Still, she thought she had gained him over, and that the result would certainly be the same as if there were an engagement between them.

In the meantime the uncles of neither Miss Castleton nor Julia would die—they lived and lived; still to accumulate indeed, and still to lay up for some hopeful and happy heirs!

Such being the state of things, Carlos found it rather trying to be compelled to parley between the two young ladies—or rather to *hope*, in respect to one, and pay the most of his attention to the other. It was most certain that both of them would be heiresses of a considerable sum, but that Miss Castleton would succeed to much the largest sum of the two. Hence, Carlos resolved to take a final leave of Julietta, and yet to do it genteelly, and, in the event of not bettering himself so as to leave an avenue of return. Accordingly he called to see her once more.

"Miss Julietta," said he, "once I fondly hoped that fortune would so smile upon me, that I should have felt justified in making proposals to one whom I have always held in the highest esteem."

"Always"—till lately—Carlos—said she.

"No—always—even now."

"And yet you have more decided preferences I presume."

"I admire Miss Castleton I confess—but my special regard for you having existed previously to my acquaintance with her, I cannot think of withdrawing it entirely and I shall still cherish the remembrance of your interest in me, with the utmost gratitude. Indeed I do not give you up entirely—but, if at any time, I can see my way clear, I shall return to make a more decided profession of my regard."

"Never! Carlos—never! you are too much smitten with Miss Castleton!"

"She is very pleasing to me—and yet I have in no way committed myself to her."

"You have not?"

"By no means."

"Carlos, do you ever commit yourself?"

"Miss Julietta—I am the votary of fortune. According to her frowns or favors, I remain quiescent, or make a move."

"You have great expectations in regard to Miss Castleton, I understand."

"No—she may be an heiress and she may not."

"Carlos, would it not be better for you to trust to your own exertions rather than to fortune?"

"Perhaps it would—and yet like one that buys a lottery ticket I would like to draw a prize, if possible."

"May you draw one, Carlos—since you are so inclined."

### CHAPTER VI.

WHETHER Julietta was pleased or displeased with the result of her acquaintance with Carlos Livermore, no one knew. Probably, however, she was, on some accounts rejoiced, even if on other accounts she was sad. She felt doubtless, that she could part with him more easily than if he had fully committed himself and had not of late showed so much regard for Miss Castleton. Moreover her suspense in the case would now be at an end. She should have no farther anxiety in the matter, nor would the world be gazing at her, as if she were even on the point of being married—and never actually being so.

Carlos also unquestionably felt relieved, for he could now, with less scruple, devote his time and attention to his newly admired fair one. At times, too, he was on the very eve of declaring himself to her—and yet as he was just about to do so, the thought would arise in his mind, that possibly Julietta's uncles might die first and leave her a rich heiress. Hence he was in a strait—charmed by the smiles of beauty—and yet withheld from their profession by the magnet of gain! All this time, too, he was anxious to be married—his choice of the two fair ones being dependent only upon the brighter pecuniary prospects of either—and these upon the demise of their respective uncles.

But delays are always dangerous. After waiting some six months for Carlos to make up his mind, Miss Castleton manifested a disposition to close the matter in some way—either by discarding her delaying suitor, or by consummating the prospective union between them. This to Carlos was extremely unpleasant, as the idea of marrying on an uncertainty after delaying so long, was by no means gratifying—and might result in absolute disappointment! Julietta, moreover, might be left with a fortune for him, when too late! And a sad reflection, that would be—that he might have obtained a fortune, had he only delayed a short period longer!

But pliant as Julietta was—Miss Castleton was determined not to be trifled with. Carlos must decide either negatively or positively, so far as related to her—beyond herself she had no concern. This decision of Miss Castleton threw Carlos into a fit of consternation and wretchedness. He pleaded delay for this reason

and for that. "He was't in circumstances, yet to be married; he hoped that he should be in due time—he had some expectations from one source and another—could bring the matter to a crisis soon—and trusted that all yet would be well!"

But Miss Castleton would listen to no special pleading. "Yes," she said, "as well in my case, as that of Julietta's—you admire her for a time, then left her—left her, perhaps, on my account—and soon you may leave me for her—or for some one else! A man that is fickle and changes once, will be fickle and change again! He will return and re-return like Noah's dove and find no rest any where. None, unless it is in an ark of some one else's construction—it will never be in his own!"

"But allow me one month for consideration," said Carlos. "Marriage is a very important matter—it is for one's life-time. One month's delay—it is but a small request. One month at least Miss Castleton."

"A month indeed! here you have been six months thinking about the matter, and now you want one month more to consider about it. A month! no indeed! not a week nor day! It is an easy thing to say no—especially for you—now say it and the matter ends!"

"But I don't like to be driven to terms, Miss Castleton."

"You don't? then you will be driven from them. Henceforth you can pay your respects to Miss Julietta!"

So poor Carlos was cast out of that Synagogue and left to report progress accordingly—which by the way he was not quite so ready as a "News Reporter" to do! Carlos now began to realize where he stood. It was not "so fair" as he had imagined—a repulse was something which before he had never had—it was consequently something, of a trial to him. Besides he thought—"possibly now I have missed it—Miss Castleton may yet have a fortune—if she should have it—I shall not have it most assuredly!"

Carlos consoled himself, however, with the idea of returning to Julietta. "She was of a more gentle disposition and had not discarded him. Doubtless she would welcome him back with joy"—so he reasoned to himself.

### CHAPTER VII.

MISS CASTLETON was not a little piqued at Carlos' conduct and determined now to marry out of spite. To him, she appeared to care little who the person should be—indeed she said that any one would be better than he.

But so fine a girl in looks at least—and one whose prospects for the future were more than promising, did not long remain without a beau, and such a one, she said, as suited her precisely. However this may have been, she received the attentions of a young gentleman more disposed to rely on himself for a livelihood than Carlos was—and soon married him.

As to Carlos he took every opportunity to show him her contempt—calling him a time-server—a trifler—and a non-descript. Her love for him, if she had any, appeared to have turned into hatred—her partiality—into malice. Nor did she fail to show, in every possible way, that she was highly delighted with the exchange that she had made for him and that his substitute was infinitely more preferable.

"To such an extent did resentment seem to dwell in her heavenly mind!"

Moreover her rich uncles soon died and left her the sole heiress of their property. This circumstance she took particular pains to convey to Carlos' ears, although there was no necessity for this since it reached them soon enough for his satisfaction. Carlos was now still more inclined to be gracious and polite to Julietta. She, however, was not so much inclined to receive his attentions. Nevertheless she did not absolutely refuse to receive them—knowing that it would be of little avail, since the next butterfly, that came along with gifted wings—would entice him off—and, if the day was fine and the prospect fair, carry him away forever. And so it proved; for not long after this another young lady appeared in his horizon—of striking appearance and of hopeful promise. Hence he sought to ingratiate himself with her. Julietta was again ejected from his view—and left to move onward in her usual way.

But now whilst Carlos was in the very gist of his expectations in regard to this young lady, and was using all his arts of adulation and intrigue to secure her, the news came that one of Julietta's uncles had died and left her his fortune. The non-committal young man now receded from his last flame, and in his thoughts flew back to Julietta again forthwith, overjoyed with the thought, that success now awaited him. And he was the more rejoiced, because he could now retaliate upon his late duenna, Miss Castleton.

Hence he made rapid steps to see Julietta and was amazingly gracious and polite once more; indeed all adoration and love.

"Ah!" said he, "Miss Julietta, luck has favored you they tell me as well as Miss Castleton?"

"Luck! what luck?" said she.

"Why, they say you are an heiress!"

"Oh! they do."

"And now Miss Julietta, you know that you have always looked upon me with a favorable eye."

"But you have't upon me."

"O! yes I have, but I thought it would be exceedingly imprudent in me to think of marrying without money or means."

"And it doubtless would have been, Carlos; for a young man needs a fortune to live respectably at the present day. At least you have always said so."

"And, Julietta, since you have one, I hope you will do me the favor to allow me to share it with you."

"No—Carlos, no! For when I was without a fortune you didn't think me worthy of you—and now since I have one I don't think you are worthy of me!"

Alas! for Carlos. He was taken aback at this rebuff! Indeed he was amazed—nay, more, astounded! He thought that Julietta would have him of course—and that she would even rejoice at such "good luck!" But no—as he wouldn't have her before the fortune came, she wouldn't have him after! Hence he was obliged to leave her presence with the thought—ungrateful as it was—that "the biter was bitten" this time, and that artifice and duplicity sometimes get their reward even in advance of their consummation! Reader, this is no fiction—the parties are still living—and the one as anxious as ever to effect his purpose, whilst the other is as determined as ever that it shall never be effected. The amiable Julietta still receives her annual income from Georgia—whilst the deceptive Carlos vainly longs to share in its expenditure—"the wise are often caught in their own craftiness."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### FOOT-PRINTS OF TIME.

BY HUGH.

But a few short years ago, one Christmas evening, a gay and youthful company assembled within the halls of gladness, to pay a last tribute of respect to the departing year, that would very soon be numbered with those that make up the great sea of the past.

The sun was sinking slowly in the distant west shedding his last gilded rays upon the frozen hills; the chilling wind rushed fearlessly by in fitful blasts, moaning through the oak boughs and whistling around the eaves and corners of the stately mansion in which many happy youths were assembled.

The impress of health sat upon every cheek and joy and hope sparkled in every eye; songs of joy and the swelling strains of instrumental music stirred ambition's fire within the soul, and the smiles of love and beauty crowned the festive scene with garlands of unfading affection.

All seemed forgetful that life is but a transitory vale, and that the pulsations of time were hurrying us to that period, where we must weep over the graves of the loved and dead, and lament the follies of faded youth. In that gay throng we could not trace the outlines of a fading flower, the footsteps of disease were not seen and the thoughts of the grave and eternity were not there. But could we have lifted the veil of futurity and seen the angel of death standing ready to fold youth and beauty in his icy arms and dim the lustre of bright eyes that then met our gaze; how many hearts would have been covered with sadness? how many bitter tears of grief would have been shed? and how soon would the voice of gravity have been still as the silent grave?

But a few weeks had passed away when the hand of disease laid hold upon one of that youthful company—many kind friends gathered around her bedside to imprint the last kiss of affection upon that pale cheek that so lately bloomed with all the beauty and vigor of youth.

As we gazed upon that changed and helpless form, we knew that the footsteps of death were near, we saw the twilight shadows of life stealing upon that tender form, and we knew that the night of the grave would soon hide her from our view forever. Angels hovered over her, rustling their heaven-bright pinions, ready to bear her trembling spirit to the mansions of God. A few moments more, and all was calm and still—the spirit had fled from its prison house of clay and gone to join the loud anthems above.

We followed the inanimate body to the lonely cemetery and saw it descend into its narrow home where it moulders to its mother dust. A father and mother wept over the premature grave of their darling child with grief beyond description, and the affections of many hearts penetrated the new-made grave and embraced the loved one, the dear one, again, for she was loved by all who knew her.

Twelve months had passed away, with its blight and change, when we met again. Mirth and music again attempted to cheer the assembled company, but all in vain, for sadness had settled upon every brow as memory wandered back to the scenes of one short year ago, and the changes marked upon us by its footsteps.

Many dear ones were missing from our circle; some had wandered far away; others had taken upon themselves the realities of life, and one that was dear to us all was pillowed beneath the sod. These thoughts choked the voice of gladness and the sweet strains of music only threw us back in imagination to other days and caused us to weep, again, over the memory of departed friends.

Though it gives us pain to be bereaved of those we love so dearly, yet it is a blessing to us finally in time and eternity. It carried the truth forcibly, to every one, that life is uncertain, and soon we must all sleep in the lone still grave.

We parted again, but more thoughtful of our own frailty, knowing that life's changes would leave their footprints upon us ere we meet again.

### Lieut. General Scott.

As before remarked, Gen. Scott is a very early riser. He regularly, when in the city, does his own marketing. In fine weather he walks to Jefferson Market, at the junction of Greenwich Lane and 6th Avenue—his house being in 13th street, between 5th and 6th Avenues, while his office for the transaction of business is in 12th street, in a line with his residence. When the weather is unfavorable, he orders his carriage and rides to the market. He is invariably accompanied by his servant, who carries a basket. On reaching the market he is welcomed by both market men and women, who are all anxious to serve him with the best articles the market affords. He is usually conducted to a neat part of the market and offered a chair, where, if disposed, he can sit at his ease, while his servant or the market venders, bring him specimens, it may be, of beef, mutton, veal or fish, with vegetables and fruit, from which he makes his selection of good yet simple articles, which are carefully packed in his basket and paid for, when the General, having politely bowed to the obliging market people, retires, followed by his servant and the freighted basket. He then either rides or returns home on foot to his office or dwelling, looks over the morning papers and prepares for breakfast; after which he repairs to his office for the transaction of business, and thus, when at home, leads a systematic and regular life. [This, we take it, is quite circumstantial.]

He still walks remarkably erect, and with a regular soldierly like tread, though not free from the visible marks of time imprinted on his weather-beaten features through the many campaigns and hardships he has endured in the service in the country; which should never be forgotten by the Republic, which has profited so largely by his noble and successful military career. As he is seen walking along the dense crowd, along the sidewalks in the lower part of the city, he peers a head and shoulders above the moving mass. Some one cries out, "there goes General Scott," when the tide of human beings is for the moment arrested and all eyes are directed towards him. Boys, who hear his name mentioned, run after him, flank him on either side, or run in front of him, and look up to catch a glance of his features.

He has no trouble, however, in making his way through a crowd, because the moment he is recognized, or his name is called, everybody immediately and respectfully makes way for him to pass. It is only among total strangers, that he is likely to meet with the slightest obstruction. He is deeply interested in the military movements going forward on the plains of Italy, and closely watches the strategic plans, and their execution, by the belligerent forces, which he is enabled to mark out on a good topographical and geographical map of Italy, and freely expresses his views to military men, who have called upon him, with regard to their merits and probable results. And we have no hesitation in believing that, neither the belligerent forces of Italy, nor any part of Europe, contains a military chief superior if equal to him, in all the elements of a great military captain. Such a man is an honor to his country and to the State that gave him birth. Long may he live to enjoy the gratitude and respect of his countrymen, which he so richly deserves.—N. Y. Cor. of Richmond Enquirer.

MOUNT VERNON:—It is understood at Washington that the entire amount necessary for the purchase of Mount Vernon has already been subscribed—thirty thousand dollars only remaining unpaid; but the association will not close the subscription list until a sufficient sum shall be in hand to improve the property, now in the most neglected condition. This done the possession of Washington's home will pass at once under the control of the association.

Two emigrant vessels arrived at Baltimore yesterday from Bremen, bringing, in the aggregate, 404 emigrants, mostly young men and women, who will leave immediately for the West.



## THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

## Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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## Trinity College Commencement.

The most successful and interesting commencement in the history of Trinity College took place last week. And from this date, notwithstanding the past unparalleled success of the College, a new impetus is given.

The last Legislature amended the charter of Normal College, making several important changes intended for the prosperity of the College, and among others, changed the name to Trinity. The trustees accepted of the amended charter, and acting upon the principle of progression, spent the greater part of last week in laborious labor, planning and devising means to accomplish their ends. We believe the friends of the Institution entertain a far more sanguine expectation for its future prosperity and good working ability than at any past period of its history. Besides the erection of new buildings, for which the agents are collecting funds, the trustees have provided for a very large addition to the Apparatus, and also for a new professorship. The Institution will then be most fully equipped—an honor to the State and its patron church.

The regular exercises commenced Monday night, with the declamation by members of the Freshman class. We have heard many Fresh. and Soph. declamations on many occasions, but there was more praise bestowed by the audience upon the declamation of Monday night, than we have ever heard bestowed upon any class before. It is said they even astonished the faculty and their fellow students, having on no former occasion exhibited such a proficiency in declamation. The following is the programme:

1. "Fallen Grandeur," John Walter Moyl, Gold Hill, N. C.
2. "Eloquence," E. Hester Lyon, Granville Co., N. C.
3. "Passing Away," John Douglass Pitts, Belmont, N. C.
4. "Alexander Hamilton," Step. W. Beery, Wilmington, N. C.
5. "Dignity of Human Nature," Joseph Allen Smith, Onslow Co., N. C.
6. "The Pilgrims," Wm. Graham Woods, Caswell Co., N. C.
7. "The Lone Star of Texas," David Baxter Phifer, Union Co., N. C.
8. "The Power of Truth," Wm. H. Kelley, Wilmington, N. C.
9. "The March of Mind," Haywood Davenport, Plymouth, N. C.
10. "Fields of Ambition," Thomas Hall Gatlin, Tawboro, N. C.

During the day on Tuesday there were no public exercises. This was occasioned by the disappointment from Dr. Cross of South Carolina, who had promised to deliver the Literary Address, but who, just before commencement, wrote the Societies that he had made other engagements, which would conflict with the engagement he had made them. At night, however, the members of the Sophomore class entertained the large audience with declamations as follows:

1. The Map of Time, Robert N. Halstead, Pittsylvania Co., Va.
2. Ideal Beauty, Willis Henry Pope, Lumberton, N. C.
3. Egyptian Grandeur, John Quincy Jackson, Greene Co., N. C.
4. The Orator's Fame, William Allen Gunn, Yanceyville, N. C.
5. Caesar's Funeral, Carolin Clay Hines, Hinesville, Ga.
6. An American University, Bartlett Yancey Rayl, Guilford Co., N. C.
7. The Giant Astronomer, S. Walter Debnam, Wake Co., N. C.
8. The American Trio, Fletcher B. Watson, Pittsylvania Co., Va.

On Wednesday, 11 o'clock, Rev. N. F. Reid of the North Carolina Conference, preached the Annual Sermon to the graduating class. Text from Proverbs—"My son, give me thine heart." A more appropriate and elegantly written sermon we never heard. The giving

of the body, the mind, the heart was contrasted. Many pictures were painted, grand, beautiful, awful; and the audience looked upon the one or the other at the will of the speaker, as each was rapidly unrolled before them. That picture of the man of the world was horribly grand as with hoary locks, he approached the tombs and exclaimed in despair—"Distributor take back thy gifts." But the joy that beamed from the countenance of the wayward and persecuted christian as he neared the goal of his hope, sent a counter thrill of joy to every heart.

## THE MISSIONARY MEETING.

Perhaps a more interesting and deep feeling missionary meeting was never held in North Carolina, than the one held this (Wednesday) evening. Rev. M. L. Wood, an accepted missionary by the Missionary Board of the M. E. Church, South, and to sail in a few months for China, was an alumnus of this college; and it was thought proper to hold a "farewell meeting," at which his friends might have an opportunity to see and hear him before departing for his distant field of labor, (18,000 miles from New York.) Dr. Williamson, of Caswell, was requested to act as President. The meeting was then opened by reading the Scriptures by Rev. W. H. Bobbitt, and prayer by Rev. John N. Andrews. Eloquent and feeling addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Yates, of the Baptist church and for twelve years a missionary in China; Rev. M. L. Wood, the accepted missionary from N. Carolina; Rev. Young J. Allen, the accepted missionary from Georgia, to sail with Mr. Wood; Dr. Schon, the secretary of the Missionary Board; and Dr. Deems of N. Carolina. As these appeals were made in behalf of the superstitious and idolatrous Chinese, and of the self-sacrificing missionaries who felt it their duty to bear hither the Gospel, there was scarcely a dry eye in all that large assembly. And when the call was made to the audience to send those who felt it their duty to go, the sum of nearly one thousand dollars was immediately subscribed. The venerable General Gray, whitening for the grave, was present and gave \$50.00.

The report of the operations in China, as given by Mr. Yates, is highly interesting and encouraging. We would like to give, if our limits would permit, in detail the present condition and the prospects of the Chinese. At the conclusion of these exercises, the faculty was requested to make arrangements by which an annual missionary meeting might be held, connected with each annual commencement, and the hope was expressed that at each meeting an alumnus of the college might offer himself for the work.

In this connection, we will mention that Rev. Mr. Yates having expressed a willingness to deliver a lecture on the religious and civil condition of China, more in detail than time would allow in the above meeting, the faculty assigned him an hour Thursday evening, and his lecture, detailing many of the peculiarities and superstitions of the Chinese, was truly entertaining and instructive. Rev. Mr. Yates leaves for Richmond, Virginia, to make arrangements for his departure (about the first of October) again to China. He is accompanied by his excellent wife. Also in the same vessel it is expected Revs. Messrs. Allen, Wood, and another of the same denomination from Alabama, whose name we cannot now name, will sail.

Wednesday night, members of the Junior Class delivered Orations. The chapel was densely packed. The orations exhibited much care in composition and were well delivered.

1. Man Wrong—Time Avenge, Ira T. Woodall, Johnson Co., N. C.
2. Onward to the Goal, John B. Chapman Wright, Darlington, S. C.
3. "My Mind to me a Kingdom is," Charles Carroll Dodson, Thomasville, N. C.
4. Good-Bye, David Franklin Armfield, Union Co., N. C.

Thursday was commencement day. Upon the rostrum we noticed, His Excellency, Gov. Ellis, Drs. Deems, Sehon and Doub, Revs. Messrs. Yates, Reid, Heflin, Barringer, Wilson, Hudson, Wylie, Bobbitt, and many others. The following is the programme of exercises.

## MARSHALS.

W. J. Carman, Chief.  
E. T. Branch, A. C. Blackburn, W. H. Jones, J. C. Bryan, J. W. Simmons, S. H. Geo.

- I. Vocal Music.
- II. Prayer—by Rev. Ira T. W. che.
- III. Greeting—Latin Oration, Wilbur Fisk Watson, Pittsylvania Co., Va.
- IV. "Life is but a Dream," David Spencer Latham, Plymouth, N. C.
- V. My Story—What shall it be? John Cobb La Prade, Chesterfield Co., Va.
- VI. Le Cours de Choses, John Reynolds Winston, Leaksville, N. C.
- VII. Unwritten Poetry, Jeffrey Horney Robbins, Trinity College.
- VIII. The Bible, John Wesley Cheatham, Louisville, Ga.
- IX. Greek Oration—The Dirge of Greece, Obed William Carr, Duplin Co., N. C.

(At this point in the proceedings, Rev. Mr. Heflin arose and addressed the President of the Board of Trustees, presenting through him to them in the name of a number of the friends of the Institution, the Telescope and Electrical Machine, once the property of the Rev. John Wesley. Col. Andrews of Goldsboro, President of the Board of Trustees, received these interesting relics of the father of Methodism, in a most graceful and beautiful speech.)

- X. Our College, Robert Solomon Small, Trinity College.
- XI. Spirit Life, William Causey White, Trinity College.
- XII. The Judiciary—The Glory of Atlantis, L. Washington Andrews, Hinesville, Ga.

The President read a brief report on the operations of the Institution, grades, honors, &c. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon the following members of the Senior class:

- L. W. Andrews, O. W. Carr, D. S. Latham, R. S. Small, J. W. Cheatham, J. C. La Prade, J. H. Robbins, W. C. White, W. F. Watson, J. R. Winston.

Of the class of 1856, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Rev. W. R. Smoot, Rev. Levi Branson, Rev. W. C. Gannon, and G. W. Hege. The Honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon T. H. Brame of Raleigh. Dr. Schon presented the members of the graduating class with a copy of the Bible in the name of the Faculty of Trinity College. He delivered an eloquent and impressive address, and remarked the great pleasure he had experienced since arriving at the College. Never had he so enjoyed a visit on any similar occasion.

Gov. Ellis presented gold medals from the literary societies to the members of the graduating class. He spoke for more than half an hour, and his address was replete with good advice and encouragement to the young men. The honors and emoluments of the country are free to every worthy aspirant, and he could not do better than to refer them to the examples speaking from the chapel walls: Washington, Calhoun, Webster, Clay, Jackson, Cass, Polk, Pierce, &c. He also remarked the pleasure he had enjoyed in listening to the orations of the graduating class. He had been denied the pleasure of attending earlier and witnessing their examinations, but judging from their compositions and their declamation, he sincerely believed this class was equal to and not surpassed by any class he had ever seen graduate in any college or university. He was a young man, but he could recollect when he passed through this vicinity to the University, there was no Trinity College. He was glad to see it so prosperous, an honor to the State and to its patron, the Methodist Church. But, he said, for the Methodists to will to do a thing was to do it. There was no such thing with a Methodist as putting his hand to the plow and turning back. The address was received with much favor and repeated cheers.

With the social party at night, complimentary to the graduating class, the exercises of this annual commencement concluded.

**NORMAL FEMALE SCHOOL.**—The session of this school, located at High Point, closed last week. Owing to the illness of the proprietor, Rev. W. I. Langdon, there were no public exercises. For the commencement of next session, see advertisement in this paper.

To-day is sweltering hot—the hottest, we think, of the season. Saturday, 2nd. To-day is really chilly, making summer clothing uncomfortable. Tuesday 5th.

## Glen Anna Seminary.

We had the pleasure of being present one day last week at the closing exercises of this flourishing female seminary, located at Thomasville, Davidson county.

The day was spent in examining various classes, in Physiology, French, Geometry, Botany, &c., &c., interspersed with music, instrumental and vocal. In the evening, Rev. R. T. Heflin of Raleigh, delivered an address. His subject was the importance of female education. He argued that females possessed a mind equal to males, and therefore, they should be supplied with the privileges equal to the males for obtaining a thorough and finished education. And since he understood education to mean the training of the mind preparatory to the performance of the duties of life; and that certain branches were introduced into schools for specific training in habits of thought, more than for the actual knowledge they imparted, it was equally necessary that females as well as males should be fully and thoroughly trained to the extent of our male colleges. In this we sincerely agree with the speaker.

The exercises concluded with a concert at night. We were not privileged to be present and cannot speak of the performance.

The number of pupils the past year was 139.

## PRIVATE CORNER.

A. PERRY SPERRY.—"Shadows on the Soul," "The Morning Smiles," "When Hearts like Ours," "O, I love my Pretty Darling," "Lines to Col. M. P. Wingfield of Ga," received..... W. E. P.—Your letter and poem received. Also request attended to..... FINLEY JOHNSON.—Package to hand in good order. The Doctor should be more liberal..... Mrs. C. H. "Reminiscence" received..... R. G. STAPLES.—Will answer you soon..... Mrs. HUTCHINSON.—Thank you for the poem, "The Old Stone Church"..... MAX SIFAX.—"Down the Bay" on hand for next week. The translations are also to hand, but absence from home has prevented an examination..... GRACE MILLWOOD.—We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of a fine batch of poems.

## Look out for the Balloon.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 2.

Prof. John Wise, the aeronaut, accompanied by Messrs. C. H. Gager and John Lamontaine, sailed from here yesterday afternoon, and expect to reach the Atlantic coast by noon to day.

## New York Market.

NEW YORK, July 1st, P. M.—Cotton is buoyant; sales of 3,000 bales—a large business is doing, but prices are unchanged. Flour dull; southern 6 25 a 6 75 per bbl. Wheat, very dull; white 1 75 a 1 80 per bushel. Corn quiet; old mixed and white 82c. per bushel. Spirits Turpentine firm at 44 a 46c. per gal. Rosin unchanged. Rice steady at 31 a 4c. per lb.

**MR. DODGE AND CUBA.**—The ex-Minister to Spain Mr. Dodge, has published a card, in which he says that while the prospect of acquiring Cuba by purchase under present circumstances is inauspicious, he has never intimated that the proposition in any way involved the honor of Spain, or that the purchase might not at future period be effected. He believes, that the course recommended by the President will lead to the consummation of that object by a honorable negotiation.

Miss Maggie Mitchell was presented with a valuable riding horse a few days since, by her admirers in Richmond, Va. She has gone to New York to enjoy the pleasures of home.

**NEW FLOUR.**—Twenty barrels of new flour sold in New Orleans, on the 20th ult., at \$9 per barrel.

**GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL.**—The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August, Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education. Tuition per session of Twenty weeks \$20. One dollar for Contingencies is required of each Student in advance.

JOHN E. WHARTON, Principal.  
June 20, 1859, 178st.

## COMMERCIAL.

**GREENSBORO MARKET, July 5th.**  
Reported expressly for the Times.  
Bacon 14@15; Beef 4@5; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14@15; Candles, Tallow 20 @25; Adamantine 28@30; Spermaceti 55@60; Corn 0@1.00; Meal 0@1.00; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6@8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 3 dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12@15; Malt 35@40; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas yellow 75@90; white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2@; Rice 8@90; Salt 2.50@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12, loaf 15; crushed 16; clarified 15; Tallow 12@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

**NORFOLK MARKET, June 30th.**  
Reported expressly for the Times.  
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.  
Flour, Family \$7.75@8.00; Flaxseed, 1.25; Extra 7.25@7.50; Beans, 25; Superfine 7.25; Dried Apples, 25; Corn Mixed W. 82.5@83; 25lbs; Yellow 83; Peaches, 40; Wheat, White 160@180; but 4 00@4.50; Red 140@150; Bacon, W. sh'd 10; Cotton 10@11; do. Sides 10@11; Peas, Black Eye 1.25; N. C. a Va. hog round, 11; Red & Black 75; Lard, N. C. a V. no. 1 18; Staves, R. O. hhd 25@30; do do 2 12; W. O. pipe 50; Fish, Mackerel 1.25; do hhd 40; do No 2, 11.00; do hbl 28; do 3, 10.00.

REMARKS.—Flour excessively dull with a continued downward tendency of prices; receipts are fully equal to demand and stocks in store are not reduced. Cotton quiet and unchanged.

**RICHMOND MARKET, June 24th, 1859.**  
Reported weekly for the Times, by Dickerson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders, 9@9; Corn, in demand 1@1.5; Sides, 10@11; Cotton, 10@11; Hams, 12@13; Cotton Yarn, 25@27; Coffee, Rio, 11@12; Flour, 7@8; Java, 17; Guano, Peruvian, 18; Mocha, 18; Molasses, Cuba, 28@30; Elide, 45; Syrup, 30@33; Tobacco, Lugs, 34@35; N. O., 10@45; Good, 10@11; Wheat, White, 175@185; Leaf, 50@55; Red, 1.50@1.60; Good and fine, 5@5.5.

## Professional Cards.

**GEO. W. COTHARAN,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,  
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.  
105-4t.

**CALEB G. DUNN,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR  
at Law, 80 Nassau St. New York.  
Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.  
**J. W. HOWLETT & SON,**  
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.  
1-ly.

**J. W. EVANS,**  
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE  
and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,  
Richmond, Va.  
Subscriptions received for the Times.

**JACOB T. BROWN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HIGH POINT, N. C.  
Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-ly

**JOHN W. PAYNE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.  
Jan. 8, 1857. 63-ly.

**GEORGE T. WHITE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI  
Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties.  
Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

**ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE**  
Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendence for Churches, Public and Private Buildings &c., &c.  
He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State.  
New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh, University Building Committee, Chapel Hill, New Court House Committee, Yanceyville, Caswell County,  
R. S. TOCKER, Raleigh  
W. M. BOYLAN, do  
W. C. HARRISON, do  
W. S. Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others.  
All Letters on Business addressed Box 106 Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 15-51

## COMMON SCHOOLS.

## SPRING DIVIDEND FOR GUILFORD CO.

Dis. Amt.	Dis. Amt.	Dis. Amt.	Dis. Amt.
1 \$24 75	21 \$24 75	41 \$16 83	61 \$16 83
2 23 10	22 21 12	42 22 39	62 22 39
3 30 63	23 42 00	43 30 63	63 30 63
4 37 06	24 29 70	44 18 15	64 18 15
5 39 27	25 25 74	45 25 41	65 25 41
6 25 41	26 24 42	46 25 41	66 25 41
7 32 34	27 33 66	47 18 15	67 18 15
8 23 48	28 39 60	48 35 31	68 35 31
9 27 39	29 28 05	49 15 84	69 15 84
10 30 36	30 40 02	50 49 17	70 49 17
11 23 10	31 29 04	51 14 19	71 14 19
12 18 81	32 29 37	52 23 99	72 23 99
13 18 15	33 39 60	53 38 10	73 38 10
14 21 78	34 46 86	54 35 31	74 35 31
15 16 60	35 21 45	55 39 99	75 39 99
16 16 17	36 52 80	56 27 39	76 27 39
17 18 15	37 85 64	57 37 29	77 37 29
18 24 59	38 56 76	58 22 77	78 22 77
19 14 22	39 15 84	59 32 67	79 32 67
20 14 19	40 20 79	60 21 78	

NATHAN HIATT, Chairman.  
June 24, 1859—jy9-4w.



## From Europe.

WAR News is this week of such a miscellaneous character as to be of little interest to the general reader. The following item, however, is a little on the serious order:

## DISSESION IN THE ALLIED CAMP.

A letter from Paris says: Dissection is in the allied camp; Garibaldi is incapable of accepting the name of Louis Napoleon in any arrangement to be entered into even against the Austrians. Louis Napoleon dreads the death of the interference of Garibaldi. He knows well enough that the treatment received by the Italian patriot, at the hands of French republicans has created eternal hatred and mistrust of all things French. A terrible scene took place at Alessandria between the Emperor and Garibaldi, wherein the latter spoke out and unbarred his mind. He vowed eternal suspicion and hatred to France; owned his adherence to the republic—the red republic, indeed—and scoffed at the idea of annexation to Sardinia. The hurry with which the Emperor Garibaldi could arrive at Milan, gives some alarm for the consequences. Garibaldi is open and sincere in his design of protecting the republic, and eschewing the protectorate of France. Milan will not be able to contain two in the same hemisphere. Garibaldi has adopted the irresistible policy of ignoring the very existence of the French army in Italy, and will not fight a concert with the cunning foreigner, whom he avows to be more dangerous than even the Austrians themselves.

## VOICE OF METTERNICH TO FRANCIS JOSEPH.

Metternich's last advice to the Emperor of Austria was, it is stated, clear and precise, and greatly to the purpose. Defeat is not destruction—a city, a fortress, may be rebuilt—an empire never. Listen to no advice—hearken to no propositions of peace—and, above all, enter into no treaty whatever either with the Bonapartes or the House of Hapsburg.

## ANOTHER WAR.—The Legislative

members of Buenos Ayres, on the 5th May, last, declared war against the Argentine Confederation—but one member speaking against it. The State of Buenos Ayres was formerly a member of the Argentine Confederation, and has refused to go back into it. Seeing the confederation preparing for war, she has attacked Austria, and taken the initiative, sending 300 troops into the enemy's provinces.

THE GRAND DIVISION OF THE SONS OF IMPERANCE OF NORTH CAROLINA will hold semi-annual meeting at White Hall, in Beaufort, on the 20th of July. We are from the Spirit of the Age that the most Worthy Patriarch of the National Division is expected to be present.

CROPS IN FLORIDA.—Extract of a letter dated Greensboro, Jackson Co., Fla., the 14: "Corn crops are suffering for. If it does not rain in a few days, the crop will be shorter than any made in twenty years. The oat crop is a failure."

## MAPS FOR "THE TIMES."

COLTON'S MAP OF EUROPE. A reliable Map, showing the principal Cities, Towns and Villages, also, the grand political divisions of Kingdoms and States. The relative position and bearing of one territory to another, and the modes of communication and intercourse.

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JOHN F. JONES.  
January 1st-1y.

## TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being

well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Oration, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON, 107th Baltimore, Md.

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## Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,  
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

Dear Children.—Many of you know that your "friend" is often travelling from place to place to talk to little boys and girls. Now in this beautiful and happy land of ours the traveller must see many delightful and interesting things and meet with many pleasing incidents. But that is not all ways the case, for life is not all sunshine. As there must be some cloudy days so the traveller must have some dreary hours. This often happens for the want of a dear companion with whom to while away the time in social chat. God has made us social beings, and very much of our happiness in this life depends upon the social nature implanted in our hearts, and hence we should try to cultivate kindly feelings toward all.

Now if any of my little readers should ever start on a long journey alone they will learn, perhaps, by experience how pleasant it is to fall in with a kindred spirit now and then.

Such was my happy lot a few days ago, in journeying in the cars over the hills and dales of Pennsylvania.

At one of the Depots a stranger came in and took a seat beside me. I soon found he was not disposed to wrap himself up in the blanket of selfishness as many do, for when I asked him a civil question I got a civil answer, and that is more than can be said of some people we meet with, who seem to have a porcupine disposition; for the moment you speak to them on the cars—but hold!—What have I done? Why just what the cars do some times, got off the track, for I started to give you an interesting story I have selected about

KATIE'S COMPANION.

"What are you thinking about Katie?"

Katie started. "O, Aunt Mary, I was only thinking that suppose I could choose somebody to live with me as a friend and companion, who it should be."

"It would not take me long to choose," said Aunt Mary.

"Who?" asked Katie.

"But I am afraid you would quarrel with her," said Aunt Mary.

"Is she so quarrelsome, then?" asked Katie.

"No; on the contrary she is very even-tempered, straightforward, and sincere."

"Why should I quarrel with her, then?" asked Katie, feeling a little hurt by Aunt Mary's remarks; "that is just what I like; who is she, Aunt Mary? what is her name?"

"Her name is Truth."

"Truth," repeated Katie, after a moment's thinking; "I should love dearly to have Truth for my companion but what made you think I should quarrel with her, aunt?"

"Because one needs to be very humble and very brave to love Truth, and one must really love her in order to be happy with her."

There was a long pause. "Well," Katie at length said, "I believe I shall choose Truth for my companion, and one thing I am sure of, we shall never quarrel; I should be ashamed to quarrel with Truth."

Truth, I suppose, was very willing to become Katie's companion, for she loves children, and takes every opportunity to win their confidence and affection. They were to begin living together the next morning.

When Katie waked up the next morning after a sweet sleep, she had a delightful feeling of comfort in her warm bed, and she thought she was very thankful for the comforts she enjoyed. "And I shall be so good to-day with dear Truth by my side," she said.

She lay thinking a great while, when she suddenly jumped up, feeling and fearing it was very late. While hurrying on her clothes and making haste to go down stairs, she tried to forget her morning prayer.

"You are only making believe to forget," said Truth, tenderly; "you have time enough for everything you really love to do. Bless the Lord, O my dear child," she sweetly added, "and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies."

It was hard to get away from Truth for she ran down stairs as fast as Katie did, who entered the sitting-room with a ruffled look. Truth had certainly not pleased her.

Katie's school recommenced that morning after the holidays, at ten o'clock, and she went out early to do some shopping for her mother. On her return some of the girls joined her when they met two poor children who seemed pinched with poverty.

"How miserable!" exclaimed Sarah Green. "I wish I had something for them to eat."

"Stop," said Katie, "let's speak to them;" and as they stopped and talked, others joined the group. "I'll give you something," said Katie, turning the change of her mother's purse into her hand.

"Give them six cents for a loaf," said Sarah Green. Katie took up a shilling.

"Six cents is enough now," whispered Ellen Moray, "because we will find out where they live, and get them properly helped."

"No," said Katie, tossing back her head, "I shall give her this," holding up the silver to the children and to the girls also; "there, take that; it is a shilling."

"How generous!" exclaimed one of the group.

"Yes, Kate, you are good, giving away your own money so," added another.

Katie did not say it was not her own money.

When they reached school, the story of the poor children was rehearsed, and Katie's kindness to them. She said it was "nothing at all," but the girls seemed to make it out something, and she was quite willing they should. But had Truth nothing to say all this while? There was so much clamor that poor Truth could hardly have been heard. When the hush of school-time came, Katie looked at her expecting I think, to find a smile of approval upon her face; perhaps she hoped to have made up for Truth's disapproval in the morning. Truth looked tearfully sad.

"What have I done now?" cried Katie, reddening with anger. "What do you see in me that you don't like?"

"Love of display," said Truth. "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them, otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven."

"Everybody else is pleased with me," said Katie, proudly.

"Man looketh at the outward appearance, God looketh at the heart," answered Truth.

Abashed by her searching look, Katie turned away. There was to be an exhibition that evening which Kate wanted to attend, but which she doubted if her mother would approve of and consent to her going.

Instead of asking her mother, and trusting to her decision, she went to her uncle to ask him to coax her mother for leave to go. "Mother will let you take me," persuaded Katie; "you can make her do anything; tell her you know there is no harm in it, and she will believe you. Dear Uncle George, you will, will you not? I do so love you, Uncle George."

"Especially when you want anything," said Uncle George, smiling.

Then Katie caught a glance from Truth's eye; there was no smile in that. "What now?" she said quickly, kindling into a quarrel.

"Lying lips and a flattering tongue," said Truth, "are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight."

Uncle George did not know why, though I dare say he was glad of it, but Katie instantly left off teasing, and went away.

"It is the worst day I ever had Aunt Mary," said Katie that night before she went to bed. "I can't bear Truth; I hate her; I'll have nothing more to do with her; she does nothing but find fault with me; other people like me, and think something of me, but she doesn't."

"Hush, my dear child, hush," said Aunt Mary; "it is a sad thing to dislike Truth."

"Well, I do," muttered Katie, stubbornly.

"Did you not know that Truth was born in heaven?" asked Aunt Mary, seriously. "The God of Truth sent her down to this dark world in order to release us from the father of lies, whose only endeavor is to make us believe we are right when we are all wrong, and thus work our ruin. If we receive Truth to our confidence she first tries to open our eyes to our real danger, and then, if we are willing, she will lead us into 'the paths of the Lord, which are mercy and truth;' and in order to make us feel her value, we are commanded to have Truth in our 'inward parts,' that is, to be defended and strengthened by her. I know it needs both courage and meekness to receive her reproofs, but 'faithful are the wounds of a friend and what shall we think of those who bar their hearts against such a friend?"

"O, Aunt Mary," said Katie, with a trembling voice, "I did not think of all this."

Poor Katie! She arose and left the room.

## USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

## RECIPES.

**MOLASSES CANDY.**—Dr. Cummings, of the Brattleboro' Phoenix, who knows many things, and all of them thoroughly, thus treats his readers to a recipe for making molasses candy, which is one of our "peculiar institutions": "Take two cups of molasses, one of sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Boil briskly and constantly twenty minutes, stirring all the time. When cool enough to pull, do it quickly, and it will come white rapidly. Use the above proportions, and follow directions, and you will have good candy."

**PLUM PUDDING.**—One stale brick loaf—take off the brown crust, cut it in thin slices, and spread them with butter. Pour over it one quart of boiled milk, and let it stand until morning. Grate in one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of salt, eight eggs well beaten, and a pint bowl of stoned raisins. Flour the raisins, and bake two hours. To be baked immediately after putting in the raisins and eggs.

**LEMON DIP.**—Thin two tablespoonfuls of flour with water. Stir it into a pint of boiling water. Let it boil once. Take it up, and stir in four tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little butter, and the juice of one lemon.

**LOAF OF TEA CAKE.**—One cup of sour milk, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of rose-water, a little nutmeg, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, and one and a half cup of flour.

**DEBORAH'S BATTER PUDDING.**—Sixteen tablespoonfuls of flour, one quart of milk, six eggs, and salt. Beat the eggs to froth on a plate, and, after it is mixed, beat it fifteen minutes. Either boil or bake.

**FOOD FOR YOUNG CHICKENS.**—Most of the early broods of chickens have now been hatched, and are claiming the care of the farmer's wife and daughters. Pains taken with them now will be well repaid in the summer and fall, when the "pot-pie" smokes on the table, and returns come from those sent to market. Experience has proved cooked food to be better for young fowls than raw meal, hastily wet just before feeding. For young chickens curdled (loppered) milk is an excellent diet, which they eat with great apparent relish. When meal is given, it should be coarse and well cooked. It is not necessary, however, to cook the meal for chickens, after the first few weeks. Cracked corn or millet can then be easily managed by them. A liberal supply of milk curds will be found good at any stage of their growth.—*Home Circle.*

**CARE OF THE EYES.**—Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia.

One of the most eminent American divines having for some time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent thousands of dollars in vain, and lost, years of time, in consequence of getting up several hours before day, and studying by artificial light. His eyes never got well.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too frequent use of the eyesight in reading small print and doing fine sewing.

Never begin to read, or write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

## Salad for the Solitary.

Will is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest aim, the other yields the durablest fruit; and both meeting unite a best fire.

CLODHOOPER—sends us the following Rebus and Question for *The Times*:

My name is composed of two articles of food, Which many pronounce wholesome and good;

Without my second my first never existed, And before my first my second was.

Ans. next week.

How many acres may be enclosed by a fence 10 rails high supposing every 100 rails to extend 82½ feet so that there shall be exactly 1 acre enclosed for every rail required to make the fence?

Ans. next week.

## Song and Paraphrase.

UNKLE NED.

I once knew a darkey and his name was Unkle Ned,  
Oh he died long ago long ago;  
He had no hair on the top of his head,  
The place where the wool ought to grow.

PARAPHRASE.

There formerly might have been seen an aged colored individual whose cognomen was unkle Edward. And he departed this life some time since; and he had no capillary substance on the summit of his cranium. On the place designated by nature for the capillary substance to vegetate.

UNKLE NED—Chorus.

Lay down the shovel and the hoe  
Hang up the fiddle and the bow  
For no more work for poor old Ned—  
He's gone where de good darkeys go.

PARAPHRASE—Chorus.

Then lay down the agricultural implements, allow the violin and the bow, to be appended on the wall, for there is no more physical energy to be displayed by indigent aged Edward, for he has departed to the abode designated by kind Providence for all pious, humane, and benevolent, colored individuals.

UNKLE NED.

His fingers were long like cane in the brake,  
And he had no eyes for to see,  
He had no teeth for to eat the hoe cake,  
So he had to let the hoe cake be.

Lay down &c.

PARAPHRASE.

Uncle Ned had digits equal in longitude to the bamboo formation which springs so spontaneously on the banks of the southern Mississippi, and he had no oculars with which to observe the beauties of nature; and he had no dental formation with which to masticate the Indian meal cake, consequently he was forced to let the Indian meal cake pass by with impunity.

Lay down &c.

UNKLE NED.

One cold frosty morning old Ned died,  
Oh the tears ran down Massa's face like rain.  
For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground,  
He'd never see the old man again.

Lay down &c.

PARAPHRASE.

When Uncle Ned relinquished his hold on vitality his master was exceedingly grieved, and the lachrymal poured down his cheeks similar to the rains from Heaven, for he knew that when the old man was laid beneath the terra firma, consequently he would never have the pleasure of beholding the physiognomy of the aged Edward any more.

Lay down the agricultural, &c.

**TOO SHARP FOR THEM.**—An Old Oriental story records that, one day, Moolla Muscarden, in a mosque, ascended the desk and thus addressed his audience:

"O, children of the Faithful, do ye know what I am going to say?"

"They answered, 'No.'"

"Well, then," he replied, "it is of no use for me to waste my time on so stupid a set of people."

Next day he again mounted the desk and inquired—

"O, true Musselmenn! know ye what I am going to say?"

"We do," said they.

"Then," he continued, "there is no need for me to tell you."

"The third time his audience thought they should catch him, and on his putting the usual question, they answered—

"Some of us do and some of us do not."

"Well, then," replied he, "let those who know tell those who do not!"

A man made his last will and testament in words few and significant: "I have nothing, I owe nothing, and I give the rest to the poor!"

'I'm particularly uneasy on this point' as the fly said, when the boy stuck him on the end of a needle.

## Business Cards.

**A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.**  
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS**, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street, NEW-YORK, Nov., '68.

**BOOK-BINDER.**  
At the old STAR OFFICE, (opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH), RALEIGH, N. C.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.  
Address J. J. CHAPLIN, Raleigh, N. C.  
January 1—1st.

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Commission & Forwarding Merchants, Shockoe Slip, 2d door from Cary street, RICHMOND, VA.

SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other Produce.

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JOHN DICKENSON, } ISAAC N. COLE,  
of Petersburg, } of Halifax.  
January 1, 1859. (6m.)

**JOHN A. PRITCHETT,**  
CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (near North Carolina Railroad), Greensboro, N. C.

All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c.—kept constantly on hand or made to order.

Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.

Work delivered on board the Cars free of charge. 127-ly

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Sole Proprietor of the "AMERICAN PUMP," raising Water in all depths under 150 feet, by hand.

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## REFERENCES.

McPheeters Gheselin, John B. Odum, Esq., Va.; Hon. John Baxter, Rev. W. G. Browder, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillan, Washington, W. & D. Richardson, Galveston, Texas; D. B. McAnally, D. D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Stoy, Charleston, S. C.; Hon. W. A. Graham, S. W. Ellis, D. L. Swain, Chas. F. Deems, D. D., N. C.; Myatt & Toler, Ala., &c., &c.

**RELAND & KIRKPATRICK,**  
Having opened a **GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING STORE**, will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentlemen's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for CASH. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and casimere, and workmen of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious.

They also have the agency for the sale of Bartholomew's Sewing Machines, one of the best now in use, in fact it is superceding all others, in all the large manufacturing establishments in New York and Philadelphia; March, 1859. 13—1ly.

**ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.**  
J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of **BOOTS and SHOES low for CASH.** He is also making all kinds of **LADIES' SHOES** as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of **SHOES and BOOTS** constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to. April 15, 1859.

**OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND Watchmaker,** West Market, Greensboro, N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewellery, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewellery.

He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.

All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.

All persons purchasing Jewellery will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.

August 1st, 1858. 134—1ft.

**VISITING CARDS.**  
**R. G. STAPLES,**  
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for \$1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, \$2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

**ROWLAND & BROTHERS,**  
Commission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Houghton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.

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**HIDES! HIDES!!**  
Cash paid for Hides at BOONE'S Boot and Shoe Store.